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A DAY'S LIFE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

A tremulous shudder invaded the air
As the stars pass'd over to the Unknown;
White mourning wander'd the faraway hills
For the death of a new-summer morning.
Their nimbus out-arms were patiently held,
For the mourning Day Night was waiting.
The mourning came on cards had set,
And the sad-mist 'gin gathered in the wanting.

The sky's starry watchmen trooped softly away,
Whilst the cool Night-wind's pinions furrow'd,
And the hills kissed the babe as it lay in their arms,
All cupped and hushed in the valley.
Then a gentle sigh, forest winds never were losing,
While rings on the waves told the story,
As the seasons moan to farewell leaves
Would never his locks that and beauty;
Fair Flora, and wreaths on down carpeted
At the cruises, and gave it her crossing.
And the tide-wave's mournful requiem sang,
Their fateful elegiacs continuing sung.

So the day sorrow grew—what wandering voice—
Forest in through the trees sighs mourn,
Whilst the sweet-scented flowers drooped down out of sight,
Discouraged to Day's grief-stricken.
He flung in his glory wherever he died,
But his sad eyes were darkened and pain,
And hid his shadowless, the Shaper, by the way:
Never gifts with earth calmed thine prayers,
There were radiant crowns, shining pearls on them,
Which the angels had placed for new resting.
And she fairyland pearl the Day could bestow
Had a dew or a cobweb for setting.
Then, sweet sisters, sing your pilgrims awhile,
Underneath morning dark to their vision,
While the benevolent star, which pilgrims saw not,
Burned brightly with every Bliss.

For ever the maiden with attendance and sea
At noon went the wide profundation,
That strides and banner should rest, the stern an hour
For the honor of Day's coronation.

Again he went sinking, his face to the West;
Again would he his leave no sorrow,
No heart that watched his light should be begone
And give praise to the Shaper's wonderful power
Which, in the morrow, the day glittered so
bright.
On clouds will the rainbow was painted,
And the tears were gathered to cover the forms
Of the earth-loved, and early translated.
Then the Day-star arose, and the Shaper for his rest,
For he came to the western land,
Diamond-tipped shadows in silvery cloud
Glimmering, that he was gone.
Pass Twilight drew nigh, held his head on her breast,
Till he slumbered and comforted forever.
And the orchard laid asleep him, smartered by a breeze
Or a zephyr, and the light of the trees.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FRUIT OF SORROW.

Nothing could be done now out of the ordinary affairs of life so soon as sorrow. It works slow in all, but the deepest natures are the most affected by it. A single blow descends, and the work is changed, and done before the eye as another creation. Yesterday the soul surveyed its garden, to-morrow it will see only a withered mess.

Sorrows work upon the soul as late rains do upon vegetation: at night it could rain fields, and in the morning the leaves are gone. The sowers are no longer ready, trees hold up bare branches, and the air with every puff of wind is filled with leaves, languidly descending to the ground. After the first shock and excitement of grief, when emotions rattle the soul, high up toward serene experiences, comes the reaction. The current of passion is paralyzed. All objects report themselves to the senses in sombre colors. Nature seems dead or destroyed. Life is empty and effort useless. In thoughtful natures most active emotions succeed. The breaking up of the heart seems, for a time, to overturn the conclusions of the reason itself. Men doubt their most settled beliefs, and hoof skepticism invades the secret chain of Faith. While the nobler sentiments are silent and torpid, there springs up in their place sudden suspicions and captious disgusts.

The valley and shadow of Death is not dreaded to those who pass through it, but to those who follow after and contemplate from afar off.

Dr. Buell, whose simplicity was childlike, felt himself strangely tempted. Such terrible thoughts never before assailed him. For a fortnight he struggled, and, then there in those meditations and devotions he might combat the adversary.

But, after a little, he fled out of it as from a furnace. Such strange doubts assailed him —such wicked feelings crowded through his heart, that he was astonished to find himself over of God. Such temptations increased his distress. They heightened the excitement, and carried him further from rest and nearer to mental condition. His discourses on the first Sunday after the loss of his wife were even more impressive than usual, and his flock admired the faith which lifted him above such sorrow. On the second Sunday a marked change was visible. His manner, his his own soul, was irregular and unbalanced. The quick eye of Dr. Wentworth discerned the minister's condition. Now it was that friendship could make itself felt. He offered to have much part of the ministerial labor. He carried him to-day in one direction to counsel a dying person, to-morrow he committed him respecting some orphan children. It was necessary, it seemed, that he should go with Dr. Wentworth to a school district lying remote from the village. During these rides, which were every day varied, he gently drew from the minister an account of his experiences, and prescribed as skillfully for both his moral and his physical need that months of suffering, and perhaps the usefulness of his life, were saved.

"Nothing exhausts vitality faster than the exertion of the will," said Dr. Wentworth. "Already the tone of your nerves is lost. You are still further reducing yourself by attempting to restrain and combat irregular and morbid action by simple willpower. He drives well who moderately are both of them exhausting you. Let yourself alone. Avoid solitude. Turn to the help of others. Take on business which will occupy without tasking your mind. Nothing is half so medicinal for our troubles as benevolent sympathy and ministration to the wants of others. This is the true moral recreation."

"But it is right, doctor, that one should seek relief from trouble sent of God except by going to him that has laid the affliction?"

"He seeks God best who finds him in his works. God's method of preparation for personal communion is the direct fulfillment of the duties which God through natural laws. He who seeks God's help should at least stand beyond his laws, and not make prayer merely a petition for the manifestation of the peculiar favor of the natural laws of mind."

Dr. Wentworth's efforts availed so far as to restore the minister from the danger of breaking down in health. Little by little his spirits rose. Yet life seemed changed and emptied. He turned all his powers in his ministerial work. A new fervor filled his preaching. His appeals became more tender and solemn. It was noticed that gradually the audience was filling up. Men labored with more earnestness. Work after work the community were moving together in one direction, under the influence of the profoundest sentiments which can inspire the human soul.

Judge Bacon was sitting in Dr. Wentworth's library, one Sunday evening, and discussed unusually talkative. Yet, there was an emphasis and point and ordinarily observed in his half-negligent and polished manner.

"The minister has a grand battle on hand."

"Ah! I don't understand.

"Why, he has for several weeks past been sweeping around the people with his grand doctrines; and now he is about to begin, and he is driving in toward the centre. Oh, you're not one who is looking!"

Dr. Wentworth made no answer, but sat as one who is meditating.

"You can see now," pursued Judge Bacon, "the drift of the minister's step. I've seen this thing before. I have been it will end. By and by there will come a break-down; then, like frightened sheep, a crowd will make a rush toward the church-doors, pell-mell. After a while, a scene will be made, and he will be published. The upshot of it will be that, while before, one hundred selfish, isolating, disagreeable people lived outside of the church, afterwards may will live inside of the church—that's all."

Still Dr. Wentworth made no reply. At length Judge Bacon said abruptly:

"Doctor, do you believe in Revivals?"

"Certainly."

"You surprise me! I had supposed that you were too free and intelligent to believe in Natural Law."

"It is on that ground that I believe in Revivals. In every department of life men are moved by influences which are called forth by contagions. Few men in anything act alone. They imitate themselves in the multiplication by example by social contact. Social enthusiasms have originated the progress of the race in every department of society."

"Because mistakes have been rude," said Judge Bacon, "and men have been animal in their progress, and in the world their radical feelings should be excited."

"On the contrary," replied the doctor, "animals are not subject to social enthusiasms, or only to a more rudimentary degree. Men are susceptible of such excitement in proportion as they rise from animal consciousness. The enthusiasm is a social improvement, in particulars, and it is in proportion as men are united by each other to humanism, and such conditions develop, that it will be found to originate. This social excitement is susceptible to taste, affection, and conscience, and is the only power for a revival."

"Why not?" replied Dr. Wentworth. "Is not education 'got up?' Is not art cultures 'got up?' Is not religion 'got up?' Why should men be afraid to speak of moral efforts as they are to speak of other efforts? Why should not men apply the same principles to moral faculties as well as to others? and why should not moral efforts be as much an aesthetic? Are not the moral sentiments subject to laws in their action as much as any other mind?"

"But—but church people imagine that revivals descend upon them from above; that they are sometimes miraculous; that the Divine agency is concerned in them the more they will be."

"It is only another instance," said the doctor, "in which a false view of the supernatural tends of its cessation is understood. I do not the less regard the Divine Spirit as the true inspirer because it pursues the channels of established law. We must study the operations of natural laws, as far as their knowledge goes, and then we are to recognize them as the most perfect knowledge of causation, to superior beings. The higher manifestations of human experience are the most complex and subtle, and seem mysterious and miraculous. Revivals are natural and more spiritual. But the profoundest mysteries of human experience are the step by step to furnish the most admirable illustrations of the universality and constancy of natural laws."

"I don't see, doctor, but you are as bad as the rest of them. I shall have to be a philosopher without company. It will never do for us to submit to this influence. An enthusiasm, in my mind, would mix up things worse than a wind in my study would disturb my papers. I shall stand aloof and see others act."

The doctor continued:

"All actions, pretending to moral life, have been subject to these outbursts of feeling. It is all very well to declare that a gradual and constant progress is good—so it is—but there is no progress without development. Nations flash to and fro in their advance by paroxysms. The tide has gone up by the same movement, but by leaps, with rest between. At a later period, when society has reached a higher plane than at present, progress may become even, uniform and continuous. At present that seems impossible. And we are to regard these moral fulness as salutary."

"DOCTOR, DO YOU BELIEVE IN REVIVALS?"

"Certainly. But I am not a friend to the waste of the whole community."

Here the discussion ended, for the time.

We have little idea of the power of truths till they have their action, which comes upon a whole community that is aroused to a sensitive state of consciousness. Truths ordinary are through restriction as gold does in rocks—a thin vein and in by wide concussion, as men do. Every strength men hold a truth is common to give it power. In a social influence the range and power become greatly increased; but no one knows the very rapidity of a truth until the sympathies are aroused, made sensitive and sympathy of their, and the truth is put to the test of living motives. Not only is the power of a truth instantaneously developed, a community is knit together and re-united by being made subject to some one and acceptable all together, by consciously holding many other points with common enthusiasm. Men of the truth is a profound moral truth, and, by a wide concussion, no one can measure the cleansing, inspiring, and strengthening influence arising from such a unity and intensity of experience as it produces.

The indirect effects of these moral experiences called revivals, in vivifying the moral sense, elevating the sentiments, and giving to daily life a larger moral element—in bringing more vividly before the imagination of the infinite, are so important that they should be accounted the most beneficial, quite transcending any special personal reformations which they work.

That religious movement which was built merely connected with Dr. Buell's bereavement, and which was consequently the result of a shock to the last chapter as having no important influence upon him. It belonged to a head and a long train of moral symptoms.

With his accustomed discretion, and with the domestic influences which had from his childhood been acting upon him, Barton Carbutt could hardly fail to be of a religious turn. But his English pre-conceptions and his natural dispositions and affections are required to be changed in order to produce a religious phenomena of religious fruits. It is not enough that he should be moved by the truth, or by a practical toleration toward those whose lack of education or feebleness of mind gives an power of reasoning upon such themes as engage the mind in the profoundest questions of religion. But in proportion as men are educated in the profoundest questions of religion they are also subject to other influences which prevent them from being moved by them.

Barton Carbutt during the last two years of his life was a man to be superstitious by suggesting from a state of unpleasant acquaintance with the principles of religion, and by assorting its sovereignty. Should he believe because he was moved by natural laws, as far as their knowledge goes, and then should he submit himself to be moved under knowledge of causation, to superior beings. The higher manifestations of human experience are the most complex and subtle, and seem mysterious and miraculous. Revivals are natural and more spiritual. But the profoundest mysteries of human experience are the step by step to furnish the most admirable illustrations of the universality and constancy of natural laws."

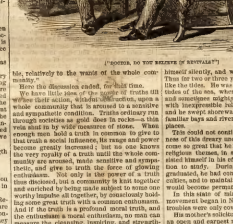
"I don't see, doctor, but you are as bad as the rest of them. I shall have to be a philosopher without company. It will never do for us to submit to this influence. An enthusiasm, in my mind, would mix up things worse than a wind in my study would disturb my papers. I shall stand aloof and see others act."

The doctor continued:

"All actions, pretending to moral life, have been subject to these outbursts of feeling. It is so now and then it came home to him with ghastly terror; now, that a time would come when men would look back upon him and his generation in the same manner.

From these dreary solitudes Barton would rebound, after a time, into an enthusiastic reacceptance of all his childhood faith. He was enraged at himself and at his unbelief for entertaining him of peace.

It was like him to carry on these conflicts with his



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"I think Barton has stumbled at the letter, but has not fallen into the spirit of the Sacred. Unskilful handling of his own case has made him fearful. He doubts the fruit so as unweaned child yearns for its mother's breast. It would not be so difficult for such a one to find firm faith. His is a clear instance of that doubt which has wisely sprung up in the track of physical science. It arises from the introduction of a totally new subject of investigation. It must be met on its own ground. If the distinguishing characteristic of the age is open and honest in nature, as I believe they have, then evidence from the Bible will be the result. The alphabetic forms of moral truth found at large in the world will serve to teach all taught how to read these clearer manifestations of the divine nature, and of the moral relations which are perfectly disclosed only in the life and teachings of our Saviour."

But we prefer to let Barton Carbutt speak for himself, from a private journal, written a few years

BARTON CARBUTT'S JOURNAL.

"June 10.—To-day has been full of events to me. I have seen Rose. Why do I seek to trouble her peace? Should I not be glad for her? Have we mice does? Am I not drawn to her by her deep peace, by that very faith that does not falter? And yet I am provoked that she is tranquil, and I am not. Why should she have all the gifts of God and I none? Everything which her nature possesses of peace, and rest, and joy. But I am beauty laden. Thought only more me deeper. I cannot and will not try to relinquish it. It follows me—haunts me. I cannot escape the religion of my mother. I cannot get rid of it. I was thinking between faith and skepticism. I envy John Bunyan. He would give all the world if I could go back to be like him—to have their unshaking faith in truth. I am giddy and whirled and very unhappy.

"Dr. Wentworth told me many months ago that trouble was that I was living in my own personality; that I had not found my place in the world; that I should never reason my way through; that reason itself could not be depended upon for reason; that it must have an emotive inspiration, and that mine from as an experience, all observation, and as an analysis and deduction; that I must grow tired and deserted of myself, in my way by mere reason; that when I came into the realm of moral evaluation, I should see truth and its harmony; even then that it would not be my personality; that a moral view that satisfied a full nature could not be reduced to terms of language; that I have had many conversations with him. He, if any one, can help me. But how to come to that evaluation? I am doubtless what I don't believe, in the hope that it will kindle my moral feeling to intelligence? Am I to steadily my reason first, in order to educate it?

"Yet, the doctor knows the courses of scientific thought; he certainly knows the men with the knowledge of skeptical schools, and yet he is a consistent believer. He reasons in philosophy and Christianity in harmony. He is certainly as wise a man as I am, and his reason as an intellect not to know who are doubting. My sore trouble is doubt; that is, moral trouble not in hear one spoke, what he will say. I cannot, I will not, I dare not. I am afraid of it. Would Judge Bacon think me, if he could see me? Does he not know so much more than I do? Has he not been to college and studied? Is he not a lawyer? Is he not a man of the world? Would he not say that I was a fool? Would he not say that I was a fool? Would he not say that I was a fool

self with duties toward them that I shall have no room for suffering myself.

"They certainly answer to my exertion. All the nobler natures are inspired by me with almost romantic zeal. I see by their eyes admiration and fondness; but it falls upon me as the ardor of worshippers once fell on marble gods. I am cold to it. I have that sense of unmanly suffering, of soul disquiet, of utter ruin.

"*June* 20.—A strange experience befel me yesterday. My day's work was done. My walk was completed. The sun had gone down. I had fallen into one of those balanced states of mind in which is calm, and all the evening scenes tended to soften even to tenderness. A robin flew into the trees over against my room, and began that peculiar song which indicates the absence of its mate. It is the sweetest and most passionate of all their singing. And since I have learned that it is a call of loneliness for company, of love *for* love, it seems to me very exquisite, though very sad. I sat in the window till the light had faded, the song growing more and more restless and almost expostulatory. Soon the bird flew, and I heard it again farther off; and, after a little, it seemed to have flown yet farther, and its now waning notes died out in distance. My soul was strangely affected. I almost ceased to be conscious of my body. Stealing up from the east, the moon threw a light on the valley, upon the tops and edges of the village trees. There lay Holyoke and its silent fellows brooding in sombre silence. I was inexpressibly sad. I seemed alone, helpless, unhappy. I involuntarily called out, '*My God*, why hast thou forsaken me?' What followed I can account for only as a phantasy. Or *was* it real? *Is* there still an inspiration? I did not *think*. It was *seeing* rather! The whole heaven seemed full of ineffable gentleness. It seemed as if I was caught up into it, and felt borne in upon me a sense of God's care for me—his love, his wisdom in guiding me. A wonderful conviction seemed to flow in on me that I should surely be brought out of all my darkness, and that all this trouble of soul was like the trouble which a seed feels when yet under ground—dying that it may sprout and live. Then, all unbidden, there sprung up in me such a desire to praise God as I had never felt before or imagined. For the first time in my life I had a conception of *infinite* love. I had heard the words before. Now I had a sense of the thing itself. All my soul seemed urgent to utter itself and I could not speak a word! The psalms rushed before me in which trees, mountains, sun, moon, stars, all nature, were called upon to join in praising God. But how strangely different in effect! Before, I had read them as one hears Handel's Messiah, in fragments, on a piano. Now it was as I imagine the Messiah to have been when thousands of singers and instruments gave it forth in all its grandeur at Westminster Abbey. Everything within me became heroic. I could have yielded my life with ineffable joy to please God. All complaining seemed to me like dust which one kicks with the feet. I was absorbed and almost identified with this Universal Presence. And now, as I remember it, the strangest part of the experience, though at the time it did not strike me as such, was the nourishing pity with which I looked upon myself. I seemed to comfort myself, as if my higher self was consoling a lower self. I felt a true and ineffable pity and sorrow for myself, for my doubts and yearnings, for my longing ambitions and unsatisfied strivings; and it seemed to be borne in upon me, in a way such as no words could have done it, that all my faculties, tendencies, aspirations, had their natural and perfect fulfilment in God, and not in attaining anything in myself. I remember a sort of figure that seemed to come forth from nature to me—that flowers never blossomed inwardly, into themselves, but outwardly, into the light, and that all the beauty they had, either of form or color, was what they borrowed from the light which they received and reflected, and so a soul, it seemed to me, was never happy or beautiful except when it was unfolding into God.

"How long my trance lasted I cannot say. I threw myself upon the bed without undressing. A tide of tranquil delight gently flowed through my soul. I asked myself whether, were it God's will, I could yield up all my prospects in life. The mere thought of pleasing God seemed rapturous. I repeated 'Thy will be done,' and the effect was wonderful. I had a vision—shall I call it—of the divine beauty, and of a realm which was glorified by its shining light, and all my desires, personal and secular, shrunk and faded. In that exceeding light and beauty I seemed to myself unutterably insignificant. The course of my thoughts, the nature of my feelings, the ambitions and pursuits of my life, seemed under a shadow—stained, and poor, and degrading. I never imagined before what it meant to be a man, nor how far I had been from it. In those blissful moments I tested my feelings for Rose. If anything in my life had before seemed to me pure and noble, it was my hidden love for that nobler creature. But I was amazed to perceive how, in the light of His countenance, the very fragrance and blossom of my heart seemed rank and coarse. My whole life withered, and my virtues dropped like blackened leaves. And yet this unbeauty, this moral poverty, brought joy. Right over against me rose to a stately height the conception of a Being whose very nature it was, spontaneously and with deep yearning, to love and embrace such unworth. I remember thinking—for I then *thought*, as one *sees*, vast ranges of truth and ideas flying at once before me, almost without succession in time—that love of God came to me as I had seen the sun pour and flame, in the Spring, upon a brown and frozen knoll, and pierce it, and thaw it, and warm it, and nourish in it the hidden roots, and day by day bring them out in beauty. So it seemed that God's nature fell upon mine. How long this lasted I cannot tell. When I awoke in the morning I seemed like one who had missed his latitude. I went asleep in summer and awaked in winter. I ran to the window and saw all things as I had been wont to see them. Birds were singing—men and boys walking—wagons rolling—the smoke rising pale against the sky, hardly crooked by a breath of wind. The vision had been caught up. In its place was the great working world. I never was so sad to be awake. I longed for something lost. Yet I am wonderfully quieted. I do know that there is *a realm of truth*. I cannot well be made to believe that there was nothing divine in this exaltation and spiritual insight. It is an inexpressible relief to feel a *certainty* that nature has a Master. Now I will seek Wentworth again, and see what he means when he says that the Bible interprets nature, and that nature nourishes the truths of the Bible, and that they are parts of one development, and in harmony.

"*July* 1.—The town is filling with strangers; also come back acquaintances. Young Frank Esel has come, and is of course much at W.'s. Exceeding good company. His genial gayety refreshes me. We have much in common. I don't think that Rose *can* flirt. Yet she is a woman, and is pleased with attention, and seems fond of Esel. They are much together. They work together, drawing and painting in the open air, and holding large discourse.

"There comes, too, this summer, one Heywood, from Virginia. I am told that he is highly accomplished, and I perceive that he is elegant. I met him once or twice, and am drawn to him, as he seems to be toward me. He has been bred to the Law, and is now studying, nominally, with Judge Bacon. He wonders that I do not study Law. I am every day more inclined to do it. Heywood does not intend practicing law. He tells me that his tastes lead him in the direction of Political Economy, to which in reality he devotes most of the time which is supposed to be spent in the Law.

* * * * *

August 1.—Something has happened I am sure. Frank Esel seems much disturbed. Rose is even more kind to him than before. But I think it is sisterly. He still visits much at the Doctor's. But he is less buoyant. A dash of sadness. I find him looking fixedly at me, as if studying my innermost thought. Poor soul. I shall not be in his way. He leaves for home soon.

"I learn that Heywood is to be heir of the Chandler property, and that he is to reside here. He has property in the south, and if he inherits the Chandler estate he will be one of the wealthiest men in these parts. Chandler is said to be worth half a million. Chandler's wife and Heywood's mother are sisters, so that there is relationship between them. He lives with them now. I covet his royal ease in society. He is charming even to men, and I do not wonder that ladies welcome his attentions. He has a high bearing without haughtiness, and he is truly considerate of every one, and kind to overflowing. If all Southerners are such as he, I am henceforth in love with them. Such as I have met, however, have been different."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SIMEON POMEROY'S ATONEMENT.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Simeon Pomeroy was esteemed by men as generous, high-minded and magnanimous above most.

Nobody suspected that he was implacable and unforgiving as man could well be, until his only daughter, the apple of his eye, the pet and idol of his life, offended him by marrying against his wishes.

He vowed then never to forgive her, and he never did, though she came to him, one awful winter night, and begged on her knees for his blessing and forgiveness.

He turned her out into the storm, as unrelentingly as he could the assassin that had sought his life; and people said that when he himself shut the door upon her, Louise Pomeroy, who was of his own blood, and like him, started up from the crouching attitude she had up to that moment maintained, and grasping at one of the stone pillars of the house to sustain herself, called out to him, that soon or late, by earthly devices or God's justice, though he drove her away now, he might be very sure that she would come back to him when he least expected to see her, and when her presence would have to be tolerated, undesirable as it might be.

The great oaken door gave no sign of having heard these words of mingled prophecy and menace. But Simeon Pomeroy had heard them, and as though to thwart all chance of her coming to the Hollow even after his death—for he thought that was what she meant—he sent to a distant part of the country after two orphan nephews to come and live with him and be his heirs, and made a will at once in their favor.

Louise Pomeroy vanished from that vicinity, and no news came back of her, save a vague rumor that she had died of starvation in a remote city.

A curious change crept over Simeon Pomeroy from the day that rumor came. A strange whiteness settled in his face and upon his hair, and he began to use a staff. He was heard to murmur half to himself, "Lord, what a miserable sinner I am." But, stranger than all, was his adoption of a little starveling beggar-girl who made her appearance at the Hollow something in this wise: They were sitting in the great drawing-room—that stately, magnificent room that always looked empty, even when nearest filled, it was so grand and high and sombre in all its richness—Simeon Pomeroy and the two boys he had adopted.

The boys were both handsome, both Pomeroys in look and gesture, but the one who sat farthest away from the fire, where the blaze on the hearth threw him in shadow, had not to a casual observer so attractive a countenance as the other. He was dark and grave and silent, and kept his thoughtful eyes upon the book on his knees, scarcely lifting them except when directly addressed by his uncle, though it was easy to see, by the faint but irrepressible curl of his lip occasionally, that he heard much that was passing.

The other boy seemed younger than this dark, proud-faced youngster, and was fair, and smiling, and chatty. His blue eyes were bright and laughing, his handsome features were changing in expression, and as he sat on a low seat close to his uncle, his rich brown curls fell often against the old man's arm, and he looked up in his face, confidingly, as a girl might. He was evidently the favorite, and was indeed nearer of kin to Simeon Pomeroy, being the son of a sister, while the other, Regulus, was only the son of a nephew. Both were Pomeroys, however, and the only ones of the name, save the old man. So he tried to treat them alike, except that this fair-haired Philip coaxed and caressed and flattered his way nearer to his heart than the proud Regulus would try to do.

But as I was saying, the three were sitting there one evening, half lost in the great, grand room that their uncle insisted upon sitting in, when the hoarse bell that was in the habit of clanging a summons to open the front door, tinkled faintly, as though a spirit had set it vibrating.

This mild ting-a-ling stealing upon the half-ghostly stillness of the old house, was a great deal more impressive in effect than a regular crashing ding-dong would have been. Besides, the door to which this bell was attached was never used now-a-days, and some pretended to say, had never been opened since old Simeon put his daughter through it and shut it on her prayers and entreaties for forgiveness. However that was, all three there at the fire started as the bell tingled hesitatingly, and before any of them had stirred rang again.

"Shall I go to the door, uncle?" asked Regulus, quietly, though his face was pale.

"Certainly not," Simeon Pomeroy said, sternly, "the servant will do that."

"The bell is too far away for them to hear, you know," suggested Philip, while Regulus sat down again, rebuked; and as the faint summons, after a long pause, came again—"won't you let Reg. go, uncle, and stop the racket?"

"I will go myself," the old man said, suddenly starting from his seat; "that door has not been opened for so long—not since—since—I don't know as the key is in it."

He hurried out into the hall, which led to that door, the two boys following with eager faces; and Simeon did not send them back.

The key was in the lock, but it turned rustily, and the great door creaked on its hinges as Simeon Pomeroy opened it.

It was a dark, rainy night; and at first they could see nothing, and began to think perhaps the old bell was crazy or haunted; when, out of the darkness came a little voice:

"Please, sir, I'm cold!"

Regulus sprung forward and caught something in out of the rain, which beat upon it, exclaiming:

"It's a poor little child, sir, that has got lost!"

Philip laughed sarcastically.

"I don't believe she ever was found, Reg. She looks like a regular Topsy!"

The child, for such she seemed, struggled out of Regulus's arms, and caught hold of Simeon Pomeroy's hand.

"My name isn't Topsy at all—it's Ray, and I'm cold. I want to go and warm by that fire in there—may I?"

She pointed with elfishly small fingers toward the drawing-room, through the open door of which came a glow of the blaze within, and looked up at the old man with eyes that were glittering with eagerness.

He shut the door without a word, and led her into the warm hearth, upon which she stood quietly, glancing now and then at the little pools of water made by her dripping garments, but contentedly enjoying the warmth, apparently unconscious of the curious glances bent upon her, and refusing to sit upon the stool Regulus brought.

She was a little thin, pinch-faced child, with eyes of a half-wild brightness and black as sloes, and her head was a mat of black, tangled locks that she was continually pushing off her face with a hand about as long as a baby's and as thin as a consumptive's. Her sole garment, an old tattered scarlet cloak, clung wet and dripping about her, and her feet, blue, and bare, and shrunken, looked like the feet of some strange bird.

"Did you say your name was Ray?" questioned Philip. "You ought to be called Elf or Goblin. I am sure you look more like a witch's child than anything else."

And he turned laughingly toward his uncle.

The child just glanced at him with those strange bright eyes of hers, and said, looking at Regulus:

"I'm hungry!"

Without asking permission, Regulus darted from the room and was back again in a trice, with some cold fowl and half a loaf of bread that he had got from the pantry, as the first things he could put his hands upon.

Simeon Pomeroy made no remark as the child took from Regulus what he had brought; but, instead of eating it, stood with it in her hands, glancing from it to Regulus and back again, and finally asking more timidly than she had yet spoken:

"I should like a knife and fork, and a plate, please."

Philip laughed aloud at this. But Mr. Simeon Pomeroy, with a gesture to stop Regulus' leaving the room again, rang the bell for a servant, to whom he said:

"Bring me in a tray of something nice for a lunch."

Mr. Pomeroy's orders were accustomed to receive swift attention, and the tray that came in ten minutes after was quite sufficient excuse for the enormous dilation of Ray's wonderful eyes, as it was placed before her on a little stand that Mr. Pomeroy caused to be wheeled forward.

"Is it *all* for me?" she asked in a voice of awe.

And, when she had eaten all she could, she added, apologetically:

"I am much obliged to you, sir, and I wish I could eat it all, but I can't."

Philip laughed again, unrebuked either by Regulus' look or little Ray's—

"It is very rude to make fun of people."

Mr. Pomeroy came forward from the shadows amid which he had been slowly pacing while the child was eating, and began to question her. She seemed a strange mixture of simplicity and wisdom, knowledge and ignorance. By her language, she must have known people of refinement and cultivation; but she persisted that she had no name but Ray and that she came out of the woods.

The end of it was, that Mr. Pomeroy called the housekeeper and told her to find the child a place to sleep for the night.

The housekeeper had had children of her own once, and they had all died young. Perhaps that was the reason she looked so sharply at Ray; and, after declaring she "wa'n't goin' between no decent sheets in that fix," gave her a sousing in warm water and cold, a scrubbing with soap and towel, and a general renovating that seemed to Ray like a resurrection.

Mrs. Bounce hadn't been at the Hollow in the life-time of Louise Pomeroy, and had no superstitious shrinking from certain appropriations of child's clothing, which she proceeded to cull from stores she knew of. The master never went near them—it was doubtful if he even knew what were in those drawers from which she drew such wonderful raiment for wide-eyed Ray.

The child slept as though on rose-leaves that night, and waked with the fragrance and glow of her unaccustomed couch in every dimple of her little shape.

Mrs. Bounce dressed her in a little scarlet frock from the same drawer that had furnished such snowy garniture the night before, and laid deft fingers among the black tangles that had made her look so elfish; and then she went herself with her to the room in which her master and the two boys were breakfasting.

Ray took the lead, though, the moment the door was opened. Such airs as the child took upon herself. There was a vacant chair at table, Philip not having come in yet, and she climbed into it, and sat with her hands folded before her, and an expression of the most demure gravity on her little face.

Mrs. Bounce attempted to remove her, and Mr. Pomeroy stared; but more at the apparition she was than at her behavior. He would not have suspected the identity of this rosy, delicately beautiful little girl with the poor starveling of the night before, but for the piercing brightness of her eyes, which appealed to him as she yielded to Mrs. Bounce.

In a few words, the housekeeper hastily explained, and her master, after an instant's thought, bade her bring another plate and chair for the child.

Nothing was said about her going or staying after that; but she stayed, and became at once the pet and sunshine of the house. Nobody but loved her, unless it were Philip, for whom she conceived an aversion from the first, which he inwardly reciprocated, hating her, and jealous of her, too; but outwardly expressing it only by hectoring and tormenting her to the best of his ability. She had a ready wit, however, and a nimble tongue and foot, and Master Philip got worsted at his own game sometimes.

Between Regulus and little Ray grew up one of those childish attachments that are sometimes extended into mature life.

Simeon Pomeroy was fond of the child, yet somehow shrank from her. He liked to watch her, but he repelled her if she approached him. He rarely reproved her, but as rarely caressed her; and she as often needed reproof, for she was wilful and mischievous, as she missed the caresses which, being affectionate and artless to a wonderful degree, she did miss from him. She asked him in her frank, childish way, sometimes, to kiss her; but though he did so, it was with such a grave, strange air, that as she grew older she ceased to ask for what she yet craved, for she loved him with a grateful enthusiasm and devotion that no language could do justice to, and no coldness check.

The two boys, Philip and Regulus, went away to school in time, and finally to college, but Ray stayed at the Hollow and had a governess. Simeon Pomeroy chose to have it so, and she was well enough pleased. Mr. Pomeroy was always uneasy at ever so short an absence of her from the Hollow, though when she was present he rarely gave any outward sign of consciousness. He stinted her in nothing, either of dress, ornament or culture. He spent money prodigally in her behalf, but he did not like to have his munificence noticed, or at all acknowledged, and Ray, with rare delicacy, respected this peculiarity of his.

When Regulus and Philip came back to the Hollow, fully fledged graduates, college honors clustered thickly on both heads.

Ray had changed, they found, quite as much as they. Neither of the young men felt quite so much at ease in her presence as formerly. Neither could recognize, for a long time, that this quiet, stately little lady, with grace in every noiseless footfall, and bewildering witchery in every glance of the slumbrous, dark eyes, could be the little Ray whose wet rags had dripped on the marble hearth in the drawing-room only ten years before. To look at her, you would not have thought such an incident as that could ever have chanced in the life of such a little princess as she was now. But proud as she seemed, and was, Ray, to do her justice, never ignored that time, but, on the contrary, referred to it freely.

It was not strange that Regulus, handsome, noble-hearted fellow that he was, should learn soon to love the vision of loveliness Ray had become.

But it was not really to be expected that Philip's old-time hatred should change to a love that was certainly as little valued by Ray as his hatred had been regarded. Her dislike and mistrust of him remained, and she stung him gracefully with her readier-than-ever tongue at every opportunity.

In the old days, he had been secretly as unfriendly to Regulus as to her, and never let an opportunity slip of prejudicing Mr. Pomeroy against him. Mr. Pomeroy was, perhaps, too easily prejudiced; for he liked the chatty geniality of Philip, and felt repelled by the reserve and pride of Regulus, who was of a sensitive, proud nature, and shrank from receiving favors of any, even Mr. Pomeroy.

Only the promise made a dying mother kept him where he was, a pensioner upon the bounty he would have preferred not to receive. To his uncle his silent moods were all sulkiness, thanks to Philip, and his prejudice against the boy was unbounded. He did not, however, alter the will he had early made in favor of the two equally, though Philip certainly worked with that end in view. Having decided to divide his wealth between these boys, and brought them up to expect that, Mr. Pomeroy was too just to do otherwise.

He did interfere in a very marked manner, however, for Philip in another direction.

Forgetting or ignoring that old lesson with regard to poor Louise, he signified to Ray that he wished her to marry Philip.

Poor little Ray. Wilful and spoiled as she had always been, she had never, in the exuberance of her affection for the strange old man, deliberately disregarded any desire of his. His wishes had been her law. But she had kept her childish outspokenness, and when he told her she was to be Philip's wife, she said at once that beyond all living creatures she disliked him, and that no fate but would be more welcome than to be his wife.

"You will marry Philip this day week," Simeon Pomeroy said, coldly, "or you will go hence to the degradation and poverty from which I rescued you."

"It was not degradation, sir," Ray said, proudly. "You cannot even send me back to its poverty. I have through you riches of mind that simple banishment from your roof cannot take from me."

The old man looked at the lovely, spirited girl in surprise; but he only repeated:

"This day week you marry Philip."

"Or accept the alternative," Ray said, in a low voice, as she left the room.

Regulus stood by the window at the extremity of the passage as she left the library, and going up to him, she said, extending her little hand:

"Good-bye, Regulus. I leave the Hollow in the morning."

Regulus grew pale, but he smiled.

"You refuse to marry Philip, then?"

"How did you know?" Ray exclaimed, eagerly.

"He was boasting to me this morning that you were to be his wife."

"Never," Ray said, with a lift of her small head.

"Why? You don't love any one else, Ray?" Regulus said, in a low voice, bending toward her.

Ray's sweet face drooped till the black soft curls hid it; but he caught between the meshes of those bright rings the glimmer of royal blushes.

"Is it I, Ray? Sweetest, dearest. If I thought you loved *me*, life would have nothing left to wish for."

A low laugh ran down the passage, and Philip, who had approached stealthily, stood behind them, white with anger to the lips that sarcastic laugh had just left.

"He's a good one at love-making, isn't he, Ray?" he said, trying to take her hand within his arm. "Have you told him you are to be my wife?"

"I am *not* to be your wife, Philip," Ray said, drawing back proudly, and glancing with love-lit eyes up into Regulus' face, while she clung to him. "How could I do other than love this heart that has always been so faithful to me,—long ago as well as now ever true and noble,—the prince of hearts. I love Regulus, Philip. Are you answered?"

Philip could not speak for anger; his face was purple; his eyes starting; but he made a frantic and rough movement to take Ray from the arms that clasped her. She uttered a little cry, for he hurt her, and the next instant Regulus had smitten him to the floor. As he fell his head struck against a jutting point of the old-fashioned carving; and when Simeon Pomeroy, drawn by the noise, came out into the hall, Philip lay their, his brown curling hair saturating with blood and his eyes closed. The old man understood the scene at a glance; at least he comprehended that Regulus and Ray were lovers, and that Regulus had struck Philip. He thought Philip was dead. Simeon Pomeroy had always been hasty and impulsive. He was not one whit less so now in his old age. Turning swiftly back to his private desk, he rummaged in it a moment, and came out again with that will made so many years before.

"Wretched boy," he said, "you have slain him, and thus I cut you off from all inheritance of mine."

He tore the will in fragments, and fell senseless to the floor.

The servants came rushing in, and the two prostrate forms were lifted and borne to their respective couches.

Rage and the wound together brought a brain fever to Philip. Simeon Pomeroy came to himself some time that night, but he lived only three days.

The night before he died he sent for Ray. Neither she nor Regulus had ceased to use every exertion both for his comfort and Philip's. She came to him pallid with watching and anxiety, but calm, even when he, regarding her more sternly than ever, asked if she persisted in disregarding his desire that she should marry Philip.

"Why should I?" she asked, sadly. "Why do you wish me to marry Philip when I love Regulus?"

"Because," he said, partially lifting himself in the energy of his denunciation, "I love you and Philip, and I hate Regulus. He has always thwarted me, and condemned me to my face. I never could bend him, he never yielded to me, or loved me. If you marry him I will give you both my dying curse. You shall not—shall not——"

His voice died in an inarticulate murmur, his eyes seemed starting from his head, as he pointed tremulously at the vacancy between the festooned canopy at the foot of the bed.

"You said you'd come. I—I—know, Louise, but I didn't think you'd come that way," he groaned rather than spoke. "Did you say you had forgiven me, child—me, your poor old father, that drove you out to starve? I never expected that, Louise—I thought you died hating me."

There was a pause. The old man drooped back upon his pillow, beatific smiles breaking over the aged face. Suddenly he started up again, groping for Ray, like a drowning man after the plank that is between him and eternity.

"Your child, your c-h-i-l-d," he gasped, beginning to quiver like an aspen. "I—I will. Louise; she may marry whom she likes, and I tore the will, so the property will go to—your—your child, Louise—God—be—thanked."

With a wild cry Ray caught the head that was drooping again in her arms.

"Grandpa," she entreated, "speak to *me*, grandpa. I've known it a long time, but I didn't dare tell you. Grandpa, won't you speak to me?"

Her agony mastered her fear and awe, as she entreated; and the dying eyes opened upon her comprehendingly, and the dying lips moved to say:

"My dear little Ray," and then he was dead upon her shoulder, and she was sobbing wildly over him.

Had the spirit of Louise Pomeroy Raynall really been present in that room? Ray never doubted it.

Ever since she had heard the sad story of the disinherited daughter, Ray, coupling the story with her own fragmentary recollections, had known that she was dwelling in her grandfather's house, and because he had taken her in so freely, she had long since forgiven him, as Louise would, his unkindness to her poor mother. She remembered better than she told the incidents that checkered her little life before she drifted into her grandfather's care. But sorrow and suffering, and sad experiences, had made her shy of telling her story.

Philip lay up stairs in his chamber, unconscious, while his uncle was being buried, and for weeks after. Regulus was away in search of the proofs of Ray's relationship to the dead man.

He came back to the Hollow the morning of Philip's first descent to the drawing-room. The young man was then, indeed, unfit to leave his chamber, but he would come down, and confronted Regulus and Ray standing together before the fire, they happy, loving, beautiful—Ray's sweet face starry with joy; he, wan, emaciated, tottering with weakness and hateful eagerness.

Both ran to meet him and assist him to a seat, but he repulsed them and found a chair unaided. Looking up then, after a pause to get strength, he said, fixing a malignant eye on Regulus:

"I believe I'm master here now. The will being destroyed, leaves the property to the nearest of kin, and therefore to me, who am the son of a sister, while you are only a nephew's child. Being master here, sir, I desire you to quit the Hollow inside of an hour, or I will have you kicked out. If Ray will stay as my wife, well; if not, she may go, too, and the sooner the better."

Regulus and Ray exchanged pitiful glances. They were too sorry for him to be angry at his raving.

Regulus had brought back from his journey ample proof of the righteousness of Ray's claim to the Hollow.

Ray sent Regulus out while, as gently as she could, she told Philip the truth.

He refused for a long time to believe her, and when at last convinced, spurned with bitter contempt the generous girl's announcement that she considered it only fair to divide the property between the three.

He had a relapse after that, and lay ill longer than before. But Regulus and Ray nursed him through it. He rose from that sick bed a changed man, grateful, broken in spirit, and contrite of heart; and refusing utterly to share in the Hollow property, went forth and carved an honest way for himself to the heights of prosperity.

Ray and Regulus live still at the Hollow, and it is whispered that their oldest son is to marry a daughter of Philip.

Curious Facts in Natural History.

The rattlesnake finds a superior foe in the deer and the black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre leave but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim, that the rattlesnake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattlesnakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

Physical Effects of Mental Emotion.

George Grokatchi, a Polish soldier, deserted from his regiment in the harvest of the year 1677. He was discovered a few days after drinking and making merry in an ale-house. The moment he was apprehended he was so much terrified that he gave a loud shriek, and was immediately deprived of the power of speech. When brought to a court-martial, it was impossible to make him articulate a word; nay, he became as immovable as a statue, and appeared totally unconscious of what was going forward. In the prison to which he was conducted he neither ate nor drank. The officers and priests at first threatened him, and afterwards endeavored to soothe and console him, but all their efforts were in vain. He remained senseless and immovable. His irons were struck off, and he was taken out of prison, but he did not move. Twenty days and nights were passed in this way, and he gradually sunk and died.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

AT TWILIGHT.

BY N. O. SHEPPERD.

Slowly fades the orange sunset,
And the shapes from off the ground
Rise the down in wreaths of vapor,
As the twilight gathers round;
And the wind within the treetops
Makes a melancholy sound.

Slowly from the purple mountain
Fades the fiery sun-god's glow;
And the valley wraps in shadow
And its tenant seeks repose;
Through it winds the gleaming river
With a still and voiceless flow.

Hushed are now the wind's and murmurs,
Soft and low as whispered words,
Across a sweet brook there the stillness,
Touches on the drowsy woods;
Only from the east, deep shadows
Come the lowing of the herds.

And the lamps of evening lighted
Gem the firmly-rooted sky,
In among the tall, thick grasses
Sleeps the dewy flowers;
Hush flows onward, like the valley
Like the river of a dream.

Onward where the still, in silence,
Flowes by rushier sandy bar—
Like a river in the heavens
Seeming near the distance far,
Lone and lovely, moves the silver
Over in the Evening Star.

And the young moon's slender crescent,
Set in fields of azure, shines,
Like a boat of yellow amber
Just above you group of pines.
There' whose tremulous reflection
Shadows on the day darkness.

Come and crown with peaceful slumber
Of the earth advancing night;
Like a pall out of the darkness
Let it fall on all the world;
Let it, in the village churchyard
Gleam in the moonlight white.

Here, within the dim porch, shadowed
By the fragrant vine, I sit,
Often in the serene twilight,
With her hand in mine, I sat in mine,
We, together and in silence,
Watched the night in white.

Recent me now I feel the presence
Of her spirit in the air,
And I seem with added vision
To behold her there,
Gazing on me, calm and radiant,
With that look of love I share.

And her pale lips seem to utter
Words that I have heard before,
But the voice is waves that murmured
On some far-off unknown shore.
Words which once I heard as often,
Yet shall never hear no more.

Can it be that the departed
Ever visit those they love?
Can it be that their immortal presence
Hovers round the loved while here—
What, if ever and forever with us,
Seem they sometimes still to hear.

Parted is the spirit ever
Faded is the ivory light
From the pure and pallid marble's summit,
And in darkness to the night
Fades the lamplight of the twilight
Deepens downward into night.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Pink Pomeroy had never, in her short, bright life, worn so lugubrious a face as on that bright autumn day when she was summoned from her only pleasant household tasks, not excepting even eating of cold, to the dismal task of dusting the parlor and sitting with Aunt Sarah.

Aunt Sarah was visiting at Pink's father's house—making the annual visit of which she had at her command. In the old homestead that had once been a farm-house, when she was a bright little beauty—just like Pink, the old people said—Aunt Sarah was a cherished guest. She was a proud woman who does not know at least the main facts of the every-day life of the neighborhood, active, kind, loving. And these were the traits which made all that unfitted in society, to Aunt Sarah.

Before Pink thought almost spitefully, or she moved about with her young heart so out of its singing-key, that Aunt Sarah had never once known sorrow or trial, and Aunt Sarah reading her thoughts, and wishing to entertain a child in her young bosom, said:

"Why, Pink, how long Aunt Sarah's fifty-five years have been passed without a glimpse of the fun that you have!" If it were truly so, I should indeed have been favored above the daughters of men. For I do not know that I ever caught such a cloud upon my Pink's bright face just now as I saw in but some passing shadow. Sorrow, real sorrow, has never yet come to Aunt Sarah to "cast its clog."

And as Pink sobbed herself into quietness, and kissed Aunt Sarah, and then rose up to the fashioning of her "company" dress for Pink was a belle, not a fidelity, farmer's daughter, who knew how to do thousand useful things, and to make the aesthetic, low-walled farm house to be indeed the more perfect expression of family palace, with the dainty devices of fingers that disdained not the lowest-seeming gifted by real work. All this, and yet at evening, and in the long-evening-hours, she seemed queen indeed in the right of her beauty and youthful elegance —was ready to entertain with fairness and grace the guests that loved to flock to the old farm house.

There was one who, oftener perhaps than any other, came to Pink's side upon the night of Pink's graceful form and the tones of her sweet, merry voice—one who was dear indeed to Pink, for whom her so that he was sometimes, Pink thought, awkward and clumsy. He never paid her compliments, but just followed her about and watched her with grave, solemn eyes, and was often desperately in the way of the various little homely duties in which she gay young queen coquette indulged. He had never "colled his love" in the way of the fashion. Sometimes Pink was one of those flank, downright girls who have no sentiment, and, willing and industrious. And she did not choose to be kept from the full exercise of the enjoyments of her youth by the close attentions of one who would neither go away nor stay away.

Now she did by no means put these thoughts into words. She was very young, and well satisfied with her home, and her bright and pleasant life. Only as she was challenged by none, she wished to be free to receive the homage of all. She was a little bit of a coquette in this pretty Pink.

So, one day knowing her own heart, Pink gave poor Herbert Sanborn many a hard rub, that he bore with much fortitude. Perhaps he tiously anger would have done no harm, and might have served to show the young girl's heart to herself. But Herbert Sanborn was the son of a widow, whose small income was now all needed for her own support, and he, not yet through his studies, could add nothing to it. Therefore he could not marry at present, and he was in a miserable state of doubt. He doubted whether Pink loved him, first of all, and even if she did, he doubted if it would be quite honorable to seek to bind her fate to his, while it was so uncertain. And so, unable to keep from her presence, and in his own misery never once thinking that he might cause hers, he like the moth fluttered about the torch of his hopes and anger and anguish himself quite.

One night Pink treated him very pleasantly, for no other reason perhaps than she liked him well in the improved mood that a clear field conferred upon him. She saw how agreeable she was, the extreme affection with which he spoke of his mother and sisters. She saw how humble a fail were his small-ill ways, how he had lost the anxious, uneasy expression he always wore in the presence of others, and how his mind was filled with good, noble thoughts, all ready for promotion. She really liked him.

But next time she saw him all was changed. Other lovers were there—one the admired of all her circle, the distinguished for above all. He was rich, well-born, handsome. Above all, he had the ease and assurance of a practiced man of the world, one sure of his position, and confident of his power over all companions.

Pink knew all this. She did not think or care whether she would ever make a wife from a lowly farm-house—she had always been so fashioned and caressed that she had felt herself any man's equal. She only knew that he was a delightful companion, and that Herbert Sanborn's sat by crawling his lips with jealous rage, and beheld her fickleness.

She went too far that night, and even Herbert gathered enough of his pride of this false light "no longer," he murmured, as he plodded his way homeward. "She does not love me, and I am not waste my best years thus. Only by a terrible struggle can I tear this delusive love from my bosom, but it must be done."

And when they met again he did not seek her side, but devoted himself to a plain, quiet girl whom few noticed, and with home in his strange trouble of anger and despair. She cried herself to sleep that first time—poor little babyhood, and woke up next morning with a strange weight on her heart, which she thought that his coldness was accidental.

So it continued, day after often, with growing coldness on either side. It was Pink's first trouble, but she bore it bravely, and this false light on the pain dogged at her heart the more nervily she flirted, and thought that she was the very utterly lost to him, and would have gone away to hide his grief from every one's eyes, and perhaps die, but that he must live, and live there, for his mother and sisters. So one evening Pink, now never, grown tired of the flirtation, bade her a graceful adieu, and then sought out Herbert, waved of a prospective return the same hour she heard that Herbert Sanborn was soon to sustain the plain girl to whom he had been quite attentive of late. And then Pink, with false light, retired the whole night through, and the next morning, after a sleepless and unnatural night, sat, arranged the parlors with such face and such step, to the shame of her heart that no one suspected.

And then Aunt Sarah loved and comforted her, and learned the whole secret—part of which she had seen, and most of which she had suspected.

She sinned in a sad silence for a little while, as Pink progressed in her duties in the old frame of mind. She saw that the child was very unhappy, and in sudden revelation she had come to her. Now that she was to lose Herbert Sanborn, whose gentler tender love of years, scorned in his unaltered love, she had taken from her, it was clear that the only hope love had tonight restistance been bestowed.

Aunt Sarah saw all this, and resolved to speak.

"Pink," she began, "I am sure she will leave you, but that girl's ways terrible than here's no hope for you. Your own heart must tell you that it is the unsanity of the young heart that enables it to bear up against such a blow."

"My child," she said softly, "you are bearing this trial bravely, and I admire it in a woman. Do you think that none have ever borne so much as you? Pink, I have had a sorrow that has never yet return to you. You have but listened to a story that many have told you, and that is the fashion. But, if he does not,—if he returns as he has promised, and you are married, it will be the silence of your heart, and be buried there, when you are dead, I will tell you mine."

"Let me tell you a story of my early life—a story that many have told you, and that many more have been borne and over-lived. As you have said, it is the fashion. But it is not the fashion of it. Truly I can speak of my past thus, for, in the course of years, I have come to look upon it all—he it was than that I lost every hope and joy that I had in the world.

"They said I was pretty then, and none knew better than myself that I was beautiful, and I had known this from childhood, and could remember consciously when my mother said that I was not bound up in the sweet hope of one day being beautiful.

"But I was gay and loved fun and merriment, and I was not vain, and I was not conscious of my own youthful spirit. When he was at home, I danced, sang, played, and rode about with him, away, breathing the surges and wrestling with the wind. He was a sailor, and was always at home beautiful. I could not deny myself the pleasure of his society, and I did not deny myself the pleasure of his society, and I did not deny myself it. Often when he was leaving me for months, he would entreat me to be his wife. He said, 'Only love me, Sarah, darling, and think of me when I am away, and I will come back and make you my own.' I did love him well, and I did think of him when he was away, and I did love him when he was at home, and I did love him, loving thought of him who was so dear, and the time that he was away, and I did love him, and he heart ever warm with true happiness.

"But I was young, and I was fickle, and came and went. He was working steadily for one object, and I was working for your only object—love from the sea. He had issues. He was not always successful, and he was delayed in the accomplishment of his hopes. We were no longer children, and I was a grown woman, and he was a man. My father and mother died. Your mother, Pink, was married and settled, and I was the old homestead was not so much my home as it had been. I was a child no longer, and I had loved her well, I was no longer the petted child of the household, and I changed against my spirit was proud, and I chafed against age. I was a woman, and I was not conscious that I was not happy, and I tried to find more pleasure in the companionship of my own age.

"But younger girls were stepping forward, younger—far fairer and more beautiful. Every thing now was unsatisfying. There were girls who did not like me, and I was not conscious of it. I was not conscious that I was not loved. I was not conscious that I was not loved. I was not conscious that I was not loved

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1867.

TO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. Persons who represent themselves as such are frauds, and will be dealt with as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former as well as his present address.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. I.

A SAMPLE OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

ULSTER—the most northerly of the four provinces into which Ireland is pretty equally divided—being separated but by a small strait from the western coast of Scotland, was doubtless the recipient of emigration thence from time immemorial; but, after the suppression, by Queen Elizabeth, of a bloody insurrection of the Celts under Owen Roe O'Neil, against English domination, a large area of the soil previously held by the insurgents was confiscated; and "The Plantation of Ulster," with some English, but more Scotch emigrants, was effected under James I. More Celtic insurrectionary naturally followed; that of 1641 being marked as especially murderous; 40,000 of the Protestant settlers in Ulster having been speedily massacred, with small regard to age or sex. Eight years later, Cromwell, leading his terrible "Ironsides," swept resistlessly over Ulster not only, but all Ireland, crushing out all resistance and leaving in his track but blood, ashes and ruins; seriously subjugating the entire island, for the first time, to British power, and confiscating four-fifths of its soil.

Forty years of such peace as subjugation can

THIS HOUSE IN WHICH MR. GREELEY'S MOTHER WAS MARRIED.)

bring was broken by the expedition of King James II. from the shores of England, mainly with Irish troops, to Ireland, which he succeeded in causing to be sailing thence and related the invasion of Dutch William and his wife Mary, daughter of James. Ulster, in so far as she was Protestant and Presbyterian, bailed with rapture the new ruler; while Catholic Ireland clung to James and his hasting fled to France, landed thence at Kinsale, and was received with open arms. The Protestants of Ulster were constantly left to themselves, had already been nearly overrun by the French and Irish soldiers of James, who was eager to pass over to Scotland and recruit for the Protestant cause in favor of that kingdom, who were already enrolled, under the banners of Grahame of Claverhouse, and eagerly awaiting their monarch's approach. Londonderry, (Originally Derry, but so named on being re-peopled, as above recited, under the patronage of a London company,) for months stood up almost alone against the overwhelming forces of James, ably led by Richard Hamilton, and finally by Conrad de Rosen. A gigantic walnut tree of perhaps a thousand houses, garrisoned by a few drilled citizens and three or four thousand armed citizens, partly fugitives driven in from the surrounding country, wretchedly armed, but most sacrally provided with ammunition, commanded for weeks by a traitor, (Col. Lundy,) who did all he dared to betray them to their enemies, he defied the most desperate efforts of their besiegers, with the still more terrible assaults of famine, and even their unwearied successor (by Gen. Kirke, who was sent from England to relieve them with 5,000 men and a supply of provisions, but who recoiled with all his fleet without even seriously attempting to succor the starving, heroic city. Yet the sorely dissipated and decimated Protestants, so far from being crushed, rendered, five days afterward, final in their resistance, and finally compelled the surrender, by a sought-for sailing before, ships, guns, associated bibles and tallow; while scores died of absolute starvation, until not two days' subsistence remained, or only nine lean horses in all, and one pint of meal per man, when, on the 28th of July, 1689, a frigate and two transports run up the Foyle past the enemy's batteries, sails being peppered and cut up, anchored at the quay, the transports laden with provisions.

Of 7,500 men enrolled for the defence at the outset, but 4,300 survived, and one-seventh of these were disabled. Thus night, James's army sacked the village, in which there were more than 8,000 men; and the signal defeat of their monarch by his son-in-law in the battle of the Boyne, a few days before, was speedily followed by the utter overthrow and expulsion of the former. Londonderry had saved the kingdom, and established the Protestant ascendency. Ulster was more fervently than before loyal to her king, and all the Irish garrisons were relieved or raised, and the Irish army, which had been almost annihilated, was driven under the walls of Limerick, which it could not carry by storm, and which it finally surrendered, on the 3d of October, 1691, on terms which it deemed honorable, but which were soon violated by the victors.

Such was the origin of the Protestant settlement of Ulster, which was rapidly augmented, not only by the flocking thither of the original colonists (whose sixteen families in Derry had dwindled to seven by January, 1689), but by continuous accessions of Scotch emigrants from the Highlands, yet more from the Lowlands, and from the north of England, who, while not without neglecting his daily duties as a husband and father, contributed to his literary and science? We believe it is. Education for the greater proportion of mankind is confined to designed to secure discipline, knowledge, and power of concentration, to the exclusion of any particular trust or control in the management of a business. What, then, should a young man do with it, though, he must acquire knowledge of a certain kind before he can succeed in any occupation. These must be analyzed, classified, reduced to system, and thoroughly digested before they can be made available. Time, labor, and patience are indispensable to this end. Where is the young man who has the time, the means, or the inclination to undertake this task with the regularity trained scholar. But our educational system is so defective that a very large knowledge of the experience and thinking of others is necessary to the education of original thinkers. This universal experience analyzed and compared with the results of one's own observation is requisite in order to make mental discipline available. Without it, the mind is left in a narrow in its range of vision and comparatively incapable of deep reflection. Hence the business man seeks to form habits of reading, which, though they may be valuable in themselves, may not be inappropriate. He cannot read the suffering, which, though they may be valuable in accumulation and use of books of reference, such as encyclopedias, dictionaries, and cyclopedias of scientific treatises on science and art. He should also have a knowledge of history, and a taste for elegant literature and history. The little time that he does have for reading should be given to those of study forbids the idea of any very extensive course of reading. But he has the basis of reference is searching out such historical or scientific information as will illustrate any science and literature as from time to time arises. Such reading will be the most useful and partially educated man with discernment and taste to make good use of the knowledge should learn to make good use of the knowledge which he has acquired. He will learn to collect the requisite facts from the books in his library, and he will be able to arrange them in his mind that by reading a whole book without any specific end in view. He will learn to collect the requisite facts from the books in his library, and he will be able to arrange them in his mind that by reading a whole book without any specific end in view. He will learn to collect the requisite facts from the books in his library, and he will be able to arrange them in his mind that by reading a whole book without any specific end in view.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. XII.

HINTS TO BUSINESS MEN ON MENTAL CULTURE.

By CHARLES F. THWING, A.M.,
UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

It is clear that the number of young men who enter a business life, after having received a liberal education, is rapidly increasing. It is clear also that our best and ablest mercantile men are on the part of their employers a higher range of intelligence and a greater degree of mental discipline than they were possessed a few former years. The evidence for both of the above statements is abundant. It is also clear that is not to make an argument in favor of giving candidates for mercantile or mechanical life a college education (though I believe it to be desirable), but to point out some reasons why which those who have already passed the period of elementary training and are already engaged in business can secure growth, power and breadth of mind. There is a common and somewhat vague distinction drawn between a trade and a liberal profession on the ground that the one requires little beyond manual skill for success, while the other requires a disciplined and well-furnished intellect. Now it is evident that this distinction is false in its application to divisions. For there are great numbers of mechanics, farmers and merchants who bring to their pursuits a broad and comprehensive mind, and who are as truly men of the world as the men of the professions. On the other hand, there are many professions which manifest examples of men who are mechanical in their habits of mind, how on principles as mechanical as those of the engineer's line. Such men are destitute of the intelligently of different pursuits among men is not due to any natural inferiority of intellect, but rather to the absence of intelligence which is found in the world. The world is full of progress, improvement in every department of business activity is due to those who bring to ordinary processes of labor the action of a clear and discriminating mind—to those who think as they work. Here we have an illustration of what the true dignity in every calling, a dignity possessed by the intelligence and culture of him who exercises it, so that he is not lost in the mechanism of motion. Every learned professor, if practised with a blind deference to mostly traditional precedents and decisions, without any apprehension of their ultimate principles or the nature of things, becomes a mere mechanical train. From these considerations it is clear that the value of education founded in general principles for the business life is not to be questioned. The merchant, a better merchant in the long run than he is ordinarily, who has the profession of those general principles which underlie and control his business. He will be more successful in his calling by common consent, and will be more likely to become able to additional by additional processes. But the young man who goes into any one upon the time and means which such a course requires, before entering upon business is unquestionably unwise. What, then, should a young man pursue whose circumstances have forced entrance upon business life at an early age, without any training? Is he to assume that the time for mental improvement has passed for him? Is he while his min without neglecting his daily duties to secure a considerable amount of general culture

The answer to this question is to be considered as designed to secure discipline, knowledge, and power of concentration, to the exclusion of any particular trust or control in the management of a business. What, then, should a young man pursue who is thought. He must acquire knowledge of a certain kind before he can succeed in any occupation. These must be analyzed, classified, reduced to system, and thoroughly digested before they can be made available. Time, labor, and patience are indispensable to this end. Where is the young man who has the time, the means, or the inclination to undertake this task with the regularity trained scholar. But our educational system is so defective that a very large knowledge of the experience and thinking of others is necessary to the education of original thinkers. This universal experience analyzed and compared with the results of one's own observation is requisite in order to make mental discipline available. Without it, the mind is left in a narrow in its range of vision and comparatively incapable of deep reflection. Hence the business man seeks to form habits of reading, which, though they may be valuable in themselves, may not be inappropriate. He cannot read the suffering, which, though they may be valuable in accumulation and use of books of reference, such as encyclopedias, dictionaries, and cyclopedias of scientific treatises on science and art. He should also have a knowledge of history, and a taste for elegant literature and history. The little time that he does have for reading should be given to those of study forbids the idea of any very extensive course of reading. But he has the basis of reference is searching out such historical or scientific information as will illustrate any science and literature as from time to time arises. Such reading will be the most useful and partially educated man with discernment and taste to make good use of the knowledge should learn to make good use of the knowledge which he has acquired. He will learn to collect the requisite facts from the books in his library, and he will be able to arrange them in his mind that by reading a whole book without any specific end in view. He will learn to collect the requisite facts from the books in his library, and he will be able to arrange them in his mind that by reading a whole book without any specific end in view.

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UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Every summer tourists, I am myself, why people who have no relish for country-life flock themselves to yawn through six or eight weeks at it? People who never move from a fashionable chair on the piazza save to migrate to their beds, or to the dining-table; who have neither eyes to see scenic glory, or heart to be grateful for it, or ears open to its myriad musical sounds—living, shut up in the luxury. If invalid, I can understand and pity their enforced seclusion; but I know many healthmen and women, who have no earthly impediment to their locomotion, and yet who, for weeks to the vicinity of grand natural objects, and are just as dead to them as the ox in the meadow—why do they travel thousands of dusty miles to get to them? People who look pityingly at you, as your return exhilarated from your luscious rambles, as if to say, "Poor creature!" One turns from them to the children, in whose eyes and cheeks and glee and in his bosom, and counts sadly over their lost years. Also I would like to ask, is there anything in the climate of Vermont which turns out such huge, heavy, lymphatic men, but decidedly ugly women as the woman-kind? Again: Do you ever see such fine, strong, and lovely people, and contor-ed, jolly and jaky have a natural affinity, that we are not more drawn to each other's company? In other words: Why do the finest specimens of humanity live in the most distant from each other? Why do they not congregate in cities, where they might see, hear, and feel more of each other? Why do they not, instead of spending their summers in the mountains, or by the sea, where they might see, hear, and feel more of

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ESTRANGED.

BY NATHAN D. VENER.

I roamed to-day the hyleon scenes
We roamed together days gone by;
And marked each spot that memories
Of joys that never can be had again;
But ah! they visited me to of old.

And every nook was sadly changed;
The warmth of life had left the cool,
Since Time has you and me estranged.

II.

I heard among the hemlock-tops
The wail-sigh of the north wind's course strong,
And, mellowed by the tangled copse,
The echo of your voice and song;
But ah! 'twas not the sound that pleased
As when we there together ranged;
The Music of the Past is muted
Since Time has you and me estranged.

III.

I breathed again the sweet perfume
That rises from the dark, rich ground,
Where mottled flowers of lily bloom
Their purity amid the weeds;
But ah! their sweets so more were drawn
Into the breath, and all seemed changed;
The fragrance of the Past is gone
Since Time has you and me estranged.

IV.

I sat beneath the oak tree grand,
Go its out-stretched arms" aloof,
And seemed to feel a small, warm hand
Cross tightly within my own:
But ah! it thrilled not as of yore,
Since Time has you and me estranged;
The feeling of the Past is o'er
Since Time and you and me estranged.

V.

All clothed with Peace, I saw you now,
Serene and soft as summer's skies;
The outer deep seems still lights by glow
And kindly shadows fall to rest;
But ah! for me its light is fled,
Since Time has you and me estranged;
The beauty of the Past is dead
Since you and me are still estranged.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "VICTOR'S TRIUMPH," "THE MAID-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXI.

ALEXANDER'S JEALOUSY.

The thousand fears
Invented well, we thought and fragile views
Of horrid things that never can be so
For which he suffers and is consuming rage.
Tancredi's Dilemma.

We must return to the hour when Alexander threw himself into his cab and ordered back to his hotel. He did not go to bed, however, but sat down in a contemplative mood on the squeaking in the same house, who was no other than our young friend Frank Fearless.

Francis occupied the most singular position of better and friendly terms with both Alick and Beulah, without knowing or even suspecting the relation that existed between the two to each other; and, moreover, as yet he never happened to note—if he thought of it—the fact that Lord Kilcrichton or Mrs. Lyon, or that of Mr. Lyon to Beulah. Consequently he was aware of his acquaintance with the former.

Mr. Tredegar had been at the Ambassadors' ball, and had returned to his hotel about the same hour that Alexander got back there.

So Alexander, instead of going directly to his own apartments, went first to Mr. Tredegar's room and rapped.

"Who's there?" called a voice from within.

"It is I, Steve; you recured jet?"

"No. Come in."

Alick entered and found his friend, dressed of his coat and vest and preparing for bed.

"Put on your clothes again, Francis; you must do something for me before you sleep," said Alexander, walking towards the dressing-table at which Mr. Tredegar stood, with his back to his visitor.

"Good gracious, Alick, my dear fellow, what on earth can I possibly have to do for you at four o'clock in the morning, after having passed the night of it at the ball?" laughed Frank; but his gay, turning around in much surprise at the unexpected appearance of his friend so dressed on the haggard features and ghastly countenance of Alexander. "Heavens, Beverly, Alick!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter? What on earth has happened?"

"I have been insulted, outraged, beyond all endurance! I have come to you to be the bearer of a challenge from me!" gasped or replied Alexander.

"A challenge, Alick!" in the name of reason, are you mad?"

"I wish I were! Perhaps I am! But in a few words, Tredegar, if I convince you that I am not mad, you will give me a prompt meeting this morning? You will, you then become the bearer of my challenge to the base caitiff who has so foully abused me?"

"Why, my dear old Alick, in any just cause I will stand by you to the very death! But is it such a case as you claim?"

"As bad as I think?" Listen."

"Not now, Alick, call me all about it," said Tredegar, rolling towards his visitor a comfortable arm-chair.

Alick dropped into the offered seat.

Tredegar seated himself on the corner of the dressing-table.

"I will take a seat and let you judge for yourself. Suppose that you were devoted to a beautiful, amiable and accomplished woman, who was at least equally devoted to yourself——"

"Herbert Lyon!" said Francis, continue: Suppose this mutual devotion to have lived on in love, and trust, and peace, and perfect confidence, toward circumstances—your own inferiors, to wit—illustrious by reason of your rubicund; yet still in all the discord this mutual love lived on; this love, I say, was strengthened by reproved, and suffering—lived on until you at the acquaintance of a fascinating woman of reconciliation you would be willing to break your love—your only station and reputation—your dear love—your only love—to have your love—a base villain step in between you, and, fascinated by fortune and by youth, snatch the mine and steal the heart of your beloved——"

"And that suppository case your own, Alick?"

"Yes, it is. What would you do if it were your case?"

"I'd let him have her! I'd give 'em my blessing, and let 'em go! But then I'm not you, Alick, if you feel inflicted to call the fellow out and give him a chance to settle your prior claim by blowing out your heated brains, why that's your affair."

"And you will have nothing to do with it?"

"I did not say that Alick; quite the contrary! You have been wronged, and I will see you fighted if I can—and righted in your own way too?"

"Then you will take my challenge?"

"With all my heart. To whom am I to take it?"

"To Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden. May the demon fly away with him!"

"To Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden. Where?"

"What's the matter?"

"He's a droll shot—the deadliest shot on this side the ocean?"

"That is not saying much for him! I'm a second or third rate marksman on the other side of the ocean. So that won't matter, I equal. Will you come to my room now, Tredegar? I wish to write my dispatch and send it off at once. No time should be lost in these affairs."

"What! are you in such hot haste to meet your foe? Is your foot so swift to shed blood? Will you then rush, my great Fitzgerese Hal-lecks la—"

"In death as to a fellow!"

Alick, Alick! I am sorry for you!"

"Spare your compassion and come to my room," said Alexander, ruling and hurrying his way through the halls and corridors that led to his own sumptuous suite of apartments.

Arrived there, Alexander made Francis Tredegar sit down, while he placed himself at his writing-desk and penned his challenge to the prince.

"I shall not have far to seek at my rate," said Mr. Tredegar, as he received the note, "for Prince Ernest has apartments on this very floor."

"I know of course that he was stopping here," said Alexander.

"And now then, if it is a direct question, who is the fair lady for whose sake you are to cut Lord Kilcrichton's throat?" inquired Tredegar, gaining the paper on his finger.

"But it is not a fair question," he mentioned in name of the lady should never be introduced in such matters. I cannot better it even to you, dear Francis," said Alick, coldly.

"All right. But see here! It is never that beautiful young widow, Mrs. Lyon, who made

PRESENTING THE CHALLENGE.

such a sensation as the belle of the ball last night?"

"Francis!" exclaimed Alexander, growing deadly white, and jerking himself around in apparent impatience, but with a most powerful effort of emotion—"Book, I say! It is no widow for whose sake I wish to meet Lord Kilcrichton. A widow alive in whom I feel the slightest interest!"

"Well, then, I think you are all at sea about the prince. He thinks of no other woman in the world but the beautiful widow. His devotion to her was the general talk of conversation last night."

And I tell you that you are all at 'sea,' as you call it, my dear Francis. Come! you have taken up my cause, and you will please allow me to take my challenge to my foe."

"Well, then, so be it, unless he has gone to bed."

"That he has not, a will venture to presume, is awaiting my challenge."

"An eager foe and so yourself, eh?"

"Quite!"

"Just see here Alick! I promised to stand by you in this matter, and I will do it; but before I bear your challenge, I shall try to settle this affair amicably."

"Impossible? It can never——"

"Oh I know it would be quite useless to propose with you; but Prince Ernest may be more amenable to reason, more open to conviction."

"Will you go?"

"Why, yes, I am going," said Tredegar, leaving the room.

As soon as he was alone Alexander looked at the clock. It wanted a quarter to five.

In pacing up and down the room his eye caught the reflection of his ghastly face in the mirror.

"Good heavens!" he said, "I look like a ghost already. I shall be much more pallid after that fellow has killed me—if he does kill me—and I do not think he will succeed. It reminds me that I must settle up my worldly affairs as quickly as possible."

So saying, he sat down to his writing table, took a sheet of paper from a coarse pen, and began to write. He wrote a few lines in an "engrossing" hand and then stopped, and, as if troubled how, to reflect. Thus writing and reflecting, he spent about half an hour, when he had about half an hour.

Then he took pen paper and another pen and wrote a letter, which he placed in an envelope, sealed and directed.

Finally he sat back in his chair, and fell into deep thought.

When Mr. Tredegar had been gone an hour, he returned and knocked at the door.

"Well?" exclaimed Alick, looking up.

"Well, it is settled," said Francis, dropping into a chair near his friend. "I found Prince Ernest in a most reasonable frame of mind, and very much disposed to listen to anything I might say to him. He evidently considered me a friend. I requested to see him, I was admitted at once. I explained my business, I was all standing up and down the floor in his most entire. He heard me and listened to me patiently. He made no sort of apology for his extreme rudeness, but seemed to consider my errand. I handed him your challenge. He then began to rave about the insult, and had been offered him, and the 'grand scandal' that it was, and he talked in that way for half an hour, when I thought I had enough of it, and broke in. He introduced me to his friend, Major Hardcastle, and we had a council of war, and he and he told me to settle the preliminaries of the meeting with him. That he disdained us to sit adjusting rooms."

"And you settled them?"

"Yes; subject, of course, to the approval of the principals, which I almost suppose, will now for you to pass judgment."

"It is not likely that I shall object. Let me hear them."

Mr. Tredegar took from his breast pocket a folded paper, opened it, and partly read from it, and partly told:

"As it is not possible that this meeting should take place in this city, it is arranged that the parties go by the next train to Southampton, take the steamer to Antwerp, and proceed to the open country between St. Amins and St. Hubin. The exact spot of the duel to be called afterward. The weapons are to be pistols. The distance to be paces. The signals—Two—Three. At the last word—Fire!"

"That will do. We must go by the night o'clock train, which is the next. Let me see—it is age a quarter-past five. We must leave this house by seven; in order to make sure of our train. Then we have but an hour and-a-half quarters for preparation," said Alexander.

"But I have not read you all the articles yet. There is something about surgeons and scientific——"

"Let all that go. It is of minor importance," said Alexander, laying his hand upon the cord of the bell that communicated with his valet's room.

He rang loudly and repeatedly. And presently the man made his appearance, half asleep and half angry.

"Simms," said his master, "pack my portmanteau with a change of clothes and small sanitaire with a change of underclothing for the dressing-case. We go to Southampton by the seven-o'clock train."

The man cast a look at this unexpected hour, and, with a well-trained servant, proceeded his surprise and astonishment until night."

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"Well, it is settled," said Francis, dropping into a chair near his friend. "I found Prince Ernest in a most reasonable frame of mind, and very much disposed to listen to anything I might say to him. He evidently considered me a friend. I requested to see him, I was admitted at once. I explained my business, I was all standing up and down the floor in his most entire. He heard me and listened to me patiently. He made no sort of apology for his extreme rudeness, but seemed to consider my errand. I handed him your challenge. He then began to rave about the insult, and had been offered him, and the 'grand scandal' that it was, and he talked in that way for half an hour, when I thought I had enough of it, and broke in. He introduced me to his friend, Major Hardcastle, and we had a council of war, and he and he told me to settle the preliminaries of the meeting with him. That he disdained us to sit adjusting rooms."

"And you settled them?"

"Yes; subject, of course, to the approval of the principals, which I almost suppose, will now for you to pass judgment."

"It is not likely that I shall object. Let me hear them."

Mr. Tredegar took from his breast pocket a folded paper, opened it, and partly read from it, and partly told:

"As it is not possible that this meeting should take place in this city, it is arranged that the parties go by the next train to Southampton, take the steamer to Antwerp, and proceed to the open country between St. Amins and St. Hubin. The exact spot of the duel to be called afterward. The weapons are to be pistols. The distance to be paces. The signals—Two—Three. At the last word—Fire!"

"That will do. We must go by the night o'clock train, which is the next. Let me see—it is age a quarter-past five. We must leave this house by seven; in order to make sure of our train. Then we have but an hour and-a-half quarters for preparation," said Alexander.

"But I have not read you all the articles yet. There is something about surgeons and scientific——"

"Let all that go. It is of minor importance," said Alexander, laying his hand upon the cord of the bell that communicated with his valet's room.

He rang loudly and repeatedly. And presently the man made his appearance, half asleep and half angry.

"Simms," said his master, "pack my portmanteau with a change of clothes and small sanitaire with a change of underclothing for the dressing-case. We go to Southampton by the seven-o'clock train."

The man stared a little at this unexpected command, but

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had gone below and turned in, many of them suffering more or less from the effects of seasickness; for the boat rolled a little, as small steamboats will roll even on the smoothest seas. No one was left on deck except the man at the wheel, the officers of the watch, and Alexander Lyon and Francis Tredgar.

Francis sauntered up and down the starboard gangway, smoking his cigar, which, at this hour and under these circumstances, was admirable, and meditating most profitably on the "coming events" that now "cast their shadows before."

Francis had no such dreary stake in the event as had Alexander, for his life was not to be blasted, yet not the less was his spirit darkened within him. He, too, saw the star-spangled firmament above and the smooth sea below, reflecting it as a mirror; but he could not enjoy the vision at once he might have. The whole, the folly of which he had been tempted to become a participant was not yet consummated, but yet he felt that some portion of his own soul had already dead, or paralyzed, so that he could not feel the heavenly influence of the scene around him. How should he?

Alexander stood leaning over the bulwarks of the boat, gazing moodily out to sea. I said he was not unconscious of the divine beauty of the night, although he was untouched by it. Even the glory of the firmament, but as something dull, which could not reach him, and which he could not reach; but he remembered also the time when his spirit was touched, soothed, and elevated, by this heavenly influence. Why could it not be so now? Was it that he was in the utter loneliness floating down upon this natural world, so silent, cold and still, that it was? It was the living spirit of his night that had died for him?

Alas! he knew and felt well that it was not who had ruined his material life, and all but ruined his immortal spirit. He had sped the fate and too far on the downward road to perdition to stop himself now. He saw that he was running rapidly down hill, his gained such an impetus that he cannot stop, though he knew that he rushed to death and hell. Alexander knew and felt that dwelling was unpardonable under any circumstances—that it was a tremendous crime—a deadly damnable crime, since he believed at once murder and suicide of body and of soul—perhaps (as very wicked people do) he but was bent upon committing it, even though, in doing so, he should lose both body and soul.

The night seemed endless, and the sea boundless, to this sick spirit; yet but an hour or two sounded eight bells and midnight, the hour entered the pilot-house harbor of St. Ambrose, and soon after landed at the wharf.

There was something more than picturesque, there was something mysterious and even spiritual in the aspect of this singular little maritime town, as seen for the first time in the starlight twilight, overshadowed by the mountains of Vermont Heights, and reflected with its few lights in the sea. In the still waters of its quiet little harbor—as indeed it is a place for a direct spirit to stop and rest.

But there was not yet to be for that scene of the beach were spectators expecting the arrival of the boat.

Our passengers landed. Some few carriages were in waiting, probably by appointment. Prince Ernest and his suite entered one of these and drove off.

Alexander, accompanied by Francis Tredgar, and followed by his servant, walked up the wharf, began, walked dreamily up into the town, and took the direction pointed out to him toward the St. Antoine hotel.

On foot, and his life now seemed something unreal, visionary, delirious as a fevered dream.

Could he die—could he die? was the vague carriage of Prince Ernest turning away from the boat, and the question was answered in the affirmative before taken for granted—that their adversaries were occupying at the same house, which was for the best in the place.

They took a suit of rooms, including a private parlor and two bed chambers.

"We will have a bit of supper up here and then to work," said Francis Tredgar, bounding the bell. Francis was now the only active agent in the enterprise.

The waiter answered his summons.

Supper immediately. Anything in the world that you have handiest, with a glass of sherry," was Mr. Tredgar's order.

The waiter disappeared and re-appeared several times with great rapidity, in course of which evolutions he spread the table with a white cloth, and with crockery-ware, cutlery and glass, and loaded it with cold ham, roast fowl, and so on, and, together with the bottle of wine that had been ordered.

Alexander and Francis sat down and ate and drank as other travellers might who had not murder on their minds. They spoke no word of the impending duel.

When the supper was over and the waiter removed, Francis Tredgar turned to his principal and said:

"Now you will wish to feel well and strong to-morrow morning. You have a long night of rest lately, and will require all the sleep that you can get before you. So you had better go to bed at once, and be there till I call you. I will look out for you two hours before your time that will be fixed for the meeting."

"And you, Francis? Will you not take some rest?"

"No, it is not so necessary for me. I must meet Rotherhithe by appointment to settle the last—the final arrangements—such as could not possibly be settled before our arrival here."

"Well, you will call me in time?"

"Certainly."

Alexander retired to his chamber, and Francis Tredgar went out to keep his appointment on what might be called neutral ground—that is, nominally, for removed from the quarters of the principal combatants, and within the seconds had engaged for the purpose of settling the final preliminaries on the hostile meeting.

The night watch of the hotel could have told, and afterwards did tell, how those two men had shut themselves up together in a private room, that they had ordered supper, and had eaten and drunk; when they came out together, locked the door, and descended the stairs, left the house, and held their way toward the gloomy heights of Norcomet that overlooked the town, and were not absent from it while they returned, and separated, each going to his own quarters.

Certainly no short a quarter past four Mr. Tredgar entered Alexander's chamber, where found the latter gone into a profound sleep on the bed in a feverish and impatient manner.

"Have you slept?" inquired Francis.

"Slept! How could I? Is it time to rise?"

"Yes."

"I am very glad of it," exclaimed Alexander, springing out of bed.

"You have rather more than two hours before you. I think you have my instructions perfectly well given."

"I have nothing to do but share, wash and dress."

"But—" said Francis, softly.

"I tell you I have no other preparations to make. Having settled my worldly affairs, I have no other preparations to make. What should I have?" emphatically exclaimed Alexander.

What, indeed? How could the dueller prepare for probable death? The Christian soldier going into battle, or upon a forlorn hope, in a righteous cause, can look upon the blessing of God on his arms, and can commit his soul, his life or death, into His holy keeping. Yes, even the condemned criminal, however deeply steeped in guilt, can kneel and pray for mercy and forgiveness, for acceptance and salvation into Heaven. These can prepare to meet their God.

But how can the unrepentant duellist prepare for death? Can he pray for pardon for just what he is about to commit? Can he pray for greatest, the deadliest sin of his life? No, he goes to his final work gaily defying man and God, death and hell.

"You have laid upon the ground" inquired Alexander, as he brushed his hair, calmly and deliberately, as for an evening party, for he had suddenly recovered all his self-possession.

"Yes; it is a small round mark on the foot of Norcomet Heights, to which I shall conduct you."

"And the time—"

"Six. The carriage is ordered at half-past five."

"Very well. There are but a few moments left; so much the better," said Alexander, as he finished his toilet.

When they went into their private parlor, they found hot coffee waiting them, thanks to the careful forethought of Francis Tredgar.

Then they had finished their coffee the carriage was announced, and they arose.

Mr. Tredgar led the way down the coachman, and even the servants, think we are a party of pedestrians going to the mountains on some geological specimens. They will take our pistol-case for a case of botanical tools. As they approached Francis Tredgar, as they descended the stairs:

"Here, to complete the ruse, we must leave the carriage, and walk the rest of the way on foot ground."

"Of course. And still more to grand against detection and interruption, Prince Ernest and his suite have taken another road, by another hour, to the same destination, and approach the place of meeting from the opposite direction," answered Francis.

The boat was fresh and bright. The sun was, perhaps, an hour high. The

ter seeming to dictate to you the course you should pursue; but, indeed, Mrs. Gordon has a rule proven to receive into the bosom of any family.

Again the angry flush mantled the face of the lawyer, and he softly said:

"But I have not changed my mind, and she must come to life-secure. There is nothing in what you have told me to prejudice me greatly against her; I merely touch some points which I feel to be the heedlessness of youth and inexperience; but I have what you call a fault-finder's find I will not judge her till I see her. In the meantime, I shall be glad if you will be frank enough to tell me what you did to make her dislike you."

After a few moment's reflection, Fenton gravely replied:

"Since you so earnestly ask it, I will do so. Some months ago I visited with Miss Gordon while in New Haven. She was then a spoiled beauty in the full meaning of the word, and I did not scruple to say that she would misinterpret the action I paid her. As I said, I was then young, and was but beside to God first attracted me to her and—as I said, I may not think me a coxcomb, sir, but the young lady was certainly impressed with the idea that I was not wanting in attention. I did not scruple to carry my conclusion that I treated her lady; and, to tell you the whole truth, I was not sorry to see that she will be capable of making terrible mischief between me and myself."

Mr. Hastings drew a long breath.

"I can understand it so well that I should be half inclined to say that Miss was to become a member of his family."

He finally asked:

"Do you know the history of this young lady?"

"No you'll abruptly asked the other, fixing his dark eyes on the young man's face with an earnest, questioning gaze.

"Not much; only that what the known of her will be become known to me. She was educated by an uncle; and I will not cause for he removal from Mrs. Lynne's school, she was left to believe that the money lavished on her she was independent in fortune. She was not to be blamed for this, as her uncle instructed her to enable her to take care of herself in the future. She accepted the information as a fact, and remained with Mrs. Lynne till some ship she died better was offered her. She does not even know that the name she bears lawfully belongs to her."

Mr. Hastings listened with eagerness to these words; but, when they were ended, he only coldly replied:

"My dear Godfrey, what is there in all this to reflects on that poor girl? I really think, if she has had the misfortune to offend your dignity, that she could to maintain herself respectably. I cannot see for it, and as to her fault, why should I concern myself about that? A lot of little encourages to me when she is a millionaire heiress of no. She is capable of having her own way, and that is a fault in my opinion; and that is all that I can reasonably find in my daughter's character."

"Believe me, Mr. Hastings, but I think that my duty to you to tell you that I consider her thoroughly selfish and should possess some fixed principles. She does not seem to have a heart at all."

"And you would insinuate that Miss Gordon is not such a paragon as you would wish your daughter?"

The tone of his voice was almost menacing, and his light eyes flashed with anger that was incomprehensible to Fenton.

He bowed and coldly replied:

"That is certainly what I mean, Mr. Hastings. Mr. Gordon is a stiff; a manoeuvrer; in short, a bad disposition, and I think that you will see it lately. She will prove a fretbread in years. A woman's temper, we said, largely does my soul, I want my hands of the consequences of such a step."

In extreme excitement Mr. Hastings now rose to his feet.

"Then you have not told me all. There is something that you have kept back concerning her, Godfrey, for I am bound to interest myself in the fate of this girl. You will tell me the secret brought, and I could find no other method of proving her than the one I have chosen. In his name tell me why you denounce her in his manner."

In agitation became so extreme that Fenton was at a loss what to answer. Finally, he said, with a dignified endeavor to reply temperately:

"I have already frankly went on:

"You say that I am a fiend. Was she then not her benefactress? Was it not I who had been a great deal to her? I could think me a fool if I could be frank enough to confess that I did all this for love of her."

"I will speak to Mr. Hastings myself. It is a painful thing to tell you, but I consider that Gordon into his house in the face of such evidence against her as mine. I am sorry to say that she is neither a good nor a true woman."

"I am surprised that you should so express yourself greatly said."

"I will on silence to do so, Anne, and I am convinced that any interference on your part will only bring you into trouble. Let me, then, beg of you to be silent. The mind of Mr. Hastings is irretrievably made up as to the accusation which I have brought against his house."

"Then what are we to do?" she excitedly asked.

He shrugged his shoulders:

"Nothing, I should say. What can we do but acquiesce in the decision of the master of the house? But he may be mistaken, and in that case we will regard to the artful creature, and with the first evidence of her guilt we will be on our part to send her away."

"I shall not pledge any such evidence! She is far too deep for that. I declare I am almost tempted to set his wife on him to prevent his ruin and downfall. She would at once put her vote on the right side, and I am sure that she would be likely absolute hero."

"I believe that you will not attempt that. Mr. Hastings is already in a state of great irritation against Fenton, and I am sure that you will not be willing to have him, thus say opposition from her own lips, to increase your estrangement with your dream of."

Mrs. Langley regarded him with a look of alarm.

"Has he been talking with you about the way she treats him? I should have thought that he would it as well as he does; but he is too much of a gentleman to speak of his own private affairs, and also as she did to-day about the wine."

"It was that which has driven him into such a state of excitement as to render him quite unmanageable, Anne. I think that it will be the best not to be thwarted twice in the same day."

"Then perhaps when he is in bed you may be willing to listen to what I have to say?"

"I case exceedingly advise you to say nothing on the subject. It would do no good, and might produce ill-feeling between yourself and Mr. Hastings. He thinks that Miss Gordon has claims on him that I do not understand, and I know him well enough to understand that he is the last man to disregard them. All we can do is to put Opal on her guard against the fair set past that is coming to invade her parents; for, in spite of the scenes her mother occasionally gets up, I think she is very happy in her home."

"Yes—Opal has a bright, strong spirit, and a young creature like her casts trouble off, begin for the best, Godfrey. I trust that you are not seriously thinking of recalling from the promise you gave me at Newport. You surely will not break with Miss Lopez after all your pledges to her, and remain here to interfere with Guy? I think that Opal likes him. She will be safe and happy with such a man as he is, and I really cannot believe that you care for her as a man have said shall not be separated to say one, and you were quite right to put me on my guard. I shall inform Miss Gordon of the impropriety of setting between yourself and Opal, and give her to understand that she is not welcome to you in her estimation will result in her own dismissal. It is not my purpose to allow her of her acknowledge to myself. It would be useless, and might lead her to withdraw from me more than I may be willing to do for her, so you will consider that portion of our conversation as ended."

"Certainly, sir, if you wish it. With your permission, I will go now to join the ladies. I hope you will not feel decided to allow me for speaking so freely as I have of Miss Gordon."

"I assure you that I am not angry. You were bound in honor to act as you have done, but you need have no fears for Opal. I will keep a keen watch on this young lady, and if I catch her in any plot I will say very I promise to send her away."

Fenton, with her mother and myself to watch over her, my precious child can be in no real danger from any influence Miss Gordon can exercise over her."

"I hope so, but I cannot help shrinking from the thought of the ordeal she will have to go through. But I will say no more, for I am afraid that I have already said too much."

The door closed on him, and Mr. Hastings bowed his head upon his hands in a very painful thought. He then arose, walked to and once, and at length muttered:

"Was a change; what a responsibility! But I cannot—I dare not evade it. Having done so much, I must do more; and, after all, the worst thing may have been never dared against that young."

He straightened himself, poured out glass after glass of the fiery liquid that had so excited his poor him, and he was certainly soon in a condition to justify the worst opinion of his enemies of his position. He was not intentioned—for it would have taken a great deal to have brought him to that condition; but his eyes were glassy and his brain confused, and he could still more about with perfect steadiness.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Fenton had retired to the morning-room, where he found the gas broken up and Guy and Opal talking together in a whisper in the most of the great animation.

The mother and Mrs. Hastings had gone into the conservatory to look at some rare cactus plants, and Mr. Langley was busy with a book, a fruitful a magazine.

Fenton was struck with displeased surprise at the manner in which the two conspicuously occupied with each other as to others in the room, and for a moment, and he would have crossed over to interrupt their tête-à-tête had not Opal herself anticipated him.

"Come and sit beside me, Godfrey. I must hear what you have been doing in the library. I was so much occupied in thinking of her and possible subject that I could not have given any attention to the cards. Your mother got offended at my random guesses, and would not continue the game. It was exactly what I wanted, for I am tired to death of the whole evening. So quick in telling me what has passed between you and Mr. Hastings for at the present moment."

Fenton had no recourse but to obey the summons, and he sunk down on the sofa beside her with a pang of jealousy more intense than that which went far toward converting him that he was already in love with Opal Hastings.

Mrs. Langley looked into his face and misinterpreting its expression, said, in an alarm:

"Have you failed? But that is impossible. Tell me in a word that Miss Gordon is not to come hither."

"But that would not be true; she is to come, and neither you nor I can prevent it. I found Mr. Hastings immovable on that point."

"It is incredible! Did you tell him all that we know about her?"

"I will speak to Mr. Hastings myself. It is a painful thing to tell you, but I consider that Gordon into his house in the face of such evidence against her as mine. I am sorry to say that she is neither a good nor a true woman."

"I am surprised that you should so express yourself greatly said."

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Fenton, set his teeth hard, and, after a pause, hastily replied:

"I have decided to maintain my right to the hand of Opal Hastings, and I shall not submit to any remonstrance from either yourself or your husband. A union with Miss is impossible, and mother will not even hear her name mentioned with patience. She will never consent to receive her as a daughter, so nothing is left me but to assign to Gordon her proper place."

Let me further say, that since I have seen Opal I do not scruple to declare the inclination that led to prefer another to her. I love her already, and very much I shall adore her. She was such a child when I parted from her that I could not understand my feelings for her. It is terrible, and I assure you that my heart as well as my intellect has been awakened by her beauty."

Even to so fickle a man as Godfrey Fenton Mrs. Langley could not help endeavoring to gain a revelation of feeling. She gazed at him a few moments, and her

A VISION BY THE NILE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

With sealed lips and sightless eyes,
  And pulses that forgot to beat
When Time was young, dead Isis lies,
  The dust of empires at her feet.
Still, in her temples dim and vast,
  The mummy-gods of Egypt bide—
The dread stone-legends of her past—
  Mute histories of her fallen pride!

Scourged by the simoom's fiery breath,
  Yet wears her Sphynx, sublime and lone,
The frozen, awful mask of Death—
  A still eternity of stone.
The wild tides of the shifting sands
  Above her gray pedestal crawl,
And slowly round her hidden hands
  Build up an ever-toppling wall!

Straight on, her sad, unseeing eyes
  Gaze ever: in her swerveless glance
Strange grief—whose brooding shadow lies
  Untouched by change, unscathed by chance,
As if, through mouldering centuries—
  Behind her tragic countenance—
Phantoms of awful memories
  Strove with the marble of her trance!

Thus ever Truth with Error strives,
  And wins a thousand victories,
But symbolled Error yet survives
  To mock her own gray fallacies—
Till, of her hydra-headed power
  Her empty crowns alone remain,
While Knowledge thrives in fruit and flower,
  On the dark ruins of her reign!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"CLEAR THE DECK FOR ACTION!"

It was fortunate for both Fiddy Cummings and myself that we were naturally of light and buoyant dispositions. Had it not been so, we should have suffered continually; for we had every reason to believe that we should be called upon to fight the French before we could possibly make our escape. Had it been a Yankee man-of-war, and had we been cruising in search of an Englishman of our own weight of metal, I believe I should have been happy; but between the position of him who has volunteered to fight for his country, and of him who has been impressed to fight where he has no interest, there is an immeasurable difference. But I will not dwell upon that now. I had resolved that if the trial came, I would stand up to my work without flinching, leaving the ultimate responsibility with those who had forced it upon me.

When the crew were called to quarters for practice I was stationed at one of the forward guns with a handspike, my duty being to raise the gun for the captain thereof to set the quoin, and also to assist in heaving the carriage for the purpose of changing the range of the piece laterally. I belonged to the first division of boarders, and a cutlass and a pair of pistols had been given me to keep in order. There was a peculiar charm in the mimic battles we fought, and I often entered into it with a zest almost equal to that which would be required for the real work. At the gun I handled my handspike as though the value of a solid shot depended upon the proper elevation; and when called to "repel boarders," I grasped my pike and jumped to the bulwarks as though I saw a score of savage foes just coming in over the hammock-nettings; and then when the order came,—"*First division of boarders away!*" I grasped my cutlass, and started for the imaginary deck of the foeman with hot zeal.

One day, as I stood in the lee gangway, thinking of home, and wondering if I should ever leave that ship alive, I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and upon turning I stood face to face with the captain.

"Burton," said he, in a pleasant way, "I am glad to hear so good an account of you. Mr. McGregor tells me that you are one of the best men in his division. Keep on, my boy,—keep on, and you shall have reason to be proud of the result. A true man never goes without his reward under George Trevelyan."

Let it be remembered that I was but a boy in years, though a man in strength. This trifling passage changed the whole current of my thoughts for the time, and I found myself determined to deserve Captain Trevelyan's good opinion.

And I may say here that I had not only won the good opinion of the officers, but that with the men I was on the best of terms. Jack Miller pronounced me one of the best men he had on the foretopsail-yard, and the men of my watch all liked me. In short, I was a sort of pet with the foretopmen, and I'll tell you why: I had come to spin yarns for them. My first attempt was at relating a story of Jo. Long's. After that I told them a story which my mother once told to me.

I did not know how much of the gift of story-telling I had until I tried, and when I had committed myself by spinning a few of those off-hand yarns, I had work enough upon my hands; but I liked to do it, and the result was that I became a favorite with my watch.

On the 15th of September, we arrived at St. Helena, where we cast anchor in the harbor of Jamestown, on the north-western coast of the island.

Capt. Trevelyan went on shore and spent the night with the governor; and when he came on board in the morning he directed the first-lieutenant to make preparations for getting under way at once. Shortly afterwards, and while the crew were heaving up the anchor, a bumboat came off with a lot of fresh provision which the steward had procured for the officers' messes; and by the time that had been taken aboard, the anchor was up and sail was being made. The topsails were sheeted home and the yards mastheaded, the courses set, the top-gallant sails given to the breeze, the royals spread, the stay-sail sheets hauled aft, the starboard studding-sails put on; and then came the boatswain's welcome pipe to grog.

I believe I have said nothing before about the "grog-tub." Suffice it for me to say now that each man was allowed a half pint of pure spirit per day, generally old Jamaica rum; and those who did not choose to draw the spirit ration received the value thereof in money. I did not draw my grog, simply because I did not like it.

But most of the crew of the *Bristol* took their grog, served out three times a day; and on the present occasion as soon as the grog had been drank, the pipe to breakfast was sounded. When I went down I saw the captain standing upon the poop with his officers, and he seemed to be telling them something that interested them. I had got my breakfast half eaten when Billy Null, the old quartermaster, came down and electrified the eaters by shouting:

"Avast, there! I'll give ye a bit o' spice for yer coffee! There's work ahead, my boys. We're on the track of a *Johnny Crapoo*, with two merchantmen under convoy."

A score of voices demanded to know what kind of a ship the Frenchman was.

"A sloop-o-war," replied the quartermaster, "bound for some port in the Bay o' Biscay. She's got two lumberin' Indiamen under her quarter, an' we can't miss her. Where's Tom Harrison? Hallo! what d'ye say now to Mister Dorick's takin' his prize into port?"

"I can tell better when I see her with my own eyes," returned the matter-of-fact after-guardsman.

Billy did not stop to argue the matter. He had stepped up to hear what the captain had to tell to the officers, and now he had to hurry with his breakfast.

Ere long, after the mess-cloths had been rolled up and stowed away, we were in full possession of the news. Charley Trevelyan, a middy and son of the captain, told the story to us foretopmen. Only the day before we reached Jamestown, a fisherman had come in with information that he had spoken a French corvette on the previous day, and had supplied her officers with fresh fish. She was of the first class, carrying twenty guns, and had two richly-laden merchant ships under convoy. The merchantmen had been under studding-sails, but the corvette could not carry them, nor did she have her royals set, showing plainly that she was forced to carry short sail in order to hold her charges in sight. She had been standing about north-north-west, and had of course been bound for the Bay of Biscay, as she would not think of venturing to run by Gibraltar.

I cannot tell how I felt at that time. The chances were as five to one, at least, that we should overhaul the Frenchman; and if it proved to be a ship of twenty guns, full-manned, the engagement might be a sharp one. There were other impressed men on board the ship, but we were the only Americans—we were the only ones, Fiddy and I, who had no national interest

in the matter. It was a peculiar situation, without a pleasant feature. Said I to Fiddy:

"What do you think of it?"

And he answered:

"I aint a goin' to think about it at all. If it's got to come, let it come; and when it comes I'll try and meet it like a man."

Where could I have found better advice? I took my companion by the hand, and we agreed to stand by each other, let come what would.

This was September 16th, and it came on Monday. Of course we had the South-east Trade-Wind, so all we had to do was to press on all the sail that would draw, and hold our course. An officer was stationed in the fore-top with a glass during the day, and at night a sharp lookout was kept from all quarters.

The forenoon of September twenty-third, the hoarse call of the boatswain's mate, summoning the starboard watch, was interrupted by the electrifying shout of:

"SAIL-HO!"

"*Where away?*" demanded the officer of the deck, springing to the waist, for the announcement had come from the fore-top.

"About three points on the larboard bow, sir!"

It was old Phil. Dryden who had made the report—the captain of the fore-top of the larboard watch; and he had discovered the sail; but it was quickly whispered, and generally believed, that the little Middy, Charles Trevelyan, had seen it first, and directed Phil. to look, as the captain had spurred our attention by saying that the man who first reported the chase should have a prize of five guineas. But that made no odds.

Capt. Trevelyan himself hurried up into the top, and when he had seen the sail he directed that the ship should be kept away a couple of points to the westward, which movement gave us the wind very near astern.

The starboard watch was now on. Jack Miller relieved Phil. Dryden, and my station for the first two hours was in the top. Mr. Dorick had come up to keep the glass upon the distant sail, and he gave me the privilege of looking through it. When I had passed the glass back I found that I could see the sail about as well with the naked eye as I had seen it through the telescope, and the fancy struck me that if I went further aloft, seeing that my eyes were of the best quality, so far as range of vision was concerned, I might discover something more. And I was not disappointed. I had not been upon my perch five minutes before I plainly distinguished a second sail directly ahead of the first, and it had been in such a position that the first had concealed it from us.

"SAIL-HO!" I shouted, with all my might.

And amid the commotion on deck, the lieutenant of the watch demanded:

"*Where away?*"

"Just on the larboard bow, sir, and right ahead of the other."

Presently Mr. Dorick discovered it with his glass, and so reported.

Of course, if these were two of the sails of which we were in pursuit, there must be a third, and I wondered if she might not be concealed as the second one had been.

Ha! how my heart leaped as I saw, breaking out from the line, another white speck upon the distant horizon, more palpable than either of the others. I made sure that my eyes did not deceive me, and then I sent forth the cry for the second time from my lofty perch:

"SAIL-HO!"

"*Where away?*"

"Right ahead of the others, sir, and a more lofty sail."

"Mast-head ahoy!" called Dorick to me."

"Aye! aye!" I answered.

"Can you use a glass up there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then stand by and take this."

Jack Miller brought it up to me, and having requested Mr. Dorick to have the fore-topgallant lifts and braces set taught, I prepared to brace myself. In a few moments the lifts and braces were taughtened so that the yard was steady, and then I levelled the glass. Ah! I could see the three sails very plainly, and I knew that the last one discovered was the heaviest craft—probably the corvette—while the other two were the merchantmen. I made sure of all this, and when I had reported the result of my investigations there was wild enthusiasm on deck. That we had discovered our chase there could be no doubt, and that we could easily overhaul it was full as apparent.

I remained upon my elevated perch a full hour with the glass, and at the end of that time I was able to state positively that there were three ships ahead, and that the foremost one was more lofty than the others. When I came down Capt. Trevelyan was the first to greet me.

"Well, my boy, you think it's the Frenchman, don't you?"

I told him I did.

"We must be overhauling them?" he said, queryingly.

"At the rate of more than two knots an hour," I answered.

"And how far away are they now?"

I thought he asked the question more to test my judgment than to gain information; but I answered him soberly:

"Not more than twelve miles, sir."

It was now not much past ten o'clock. If we had ordinary fortune we should overhaul them by four o'clock in the afternoon, and perhaps before.

By this time all three of the sails were visible to the naked eye from the deck, and the excitement was intense. Officers and men paced to and fro, praying for wind, seeming to forget that a fresher breeze would blow as well for the chase as for the chaser. Noon came and we eat our dinners; and as we sat we talked of what was to come. Tom Harrison, the old after-guardsman, overheard Billy Hull exulting in the prospect of a battle, and he dashed a cooling phrase into the mess by remarking that when the pipe to supper came there mightn't be so many to answer it; but this did not damp the ardor of the crew; or, at all events, if there were those who felt a little squeamish in the reflection that they might be lying stark and dead before the pipe to supper came, they did not show it. It was not time yet for pale and trembling lips. There was too much excitement in the chase.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the men standing upon the topgallant-forecastle could see the heads of the courses of the foremost ship of the chase; and that she was a corvette there could be no doubt. At half-past two we could see her tacks; and at three o'clock the passed-midshipman in the fore-top could count her ports. She was a heavy sloop-of-war, carrying twenty guns, and upon her quarters were two heavy merchant ships.

At half-past three the war-ship ran up a set of signals at her peak, at the same time rising her courses and coming up to the wind on the starboard tack with her main-topsail aback.

Capt. Trevelyan pronounced the signals to be French, and it was easy enough to understand that they were orders for the merchantmen to stand on. Now that the stranger had hove-to we lessened the distance rapidly, and at fifteen minutes of four our courses were hauled up, the royals taken off, the British ensign given to the breeze, and a gun fired to lee-ward.

Presently we saw a ball of bunting run up to the stranger's peak, a puff of smoke rolled out from one of her bow-ports, a solid shot came ploughing up the water under our starboard quarter just as the report of her gun reached us; and as the smoke swept upward over her deck, it enveloped the folds of the ensign of France which had been shaken out from its halliards.

And then Capt. Trevelyan turned to Mr. McGregor and ordered him to clear the deck for action. The men were called to their quarters; Mr. Allyn, the sailing-master, took his station trumpet in hand; the hatches were covered fore and aft; and every man seemed to know what was to be done, and how to do it. The preventer braces had been rigged, and the stoppers for the shrouds and stays got up some time before.

As the guns had all been freshly charged before leaving James Town, they were ready for use, and ere many minutes after the order had been given the *Bristol* was ready for the work in hand. As matters now stood, the Frenchman was braced up on the starboard tack, with his main-topsail to the mast, while we were standing down directly towards him; but as soon as we had come within fair point-blank range, our ship was braced up upon the same tack, otherwise we might soon have caught a raking broadside. This movement brought our courses very nearly parallel to each other, but not quite; for as we stood, the two ships were coming nearer and nearer together, the Frenchman having filled away his main-topsail when we braced up.

And now I could see some of those who, a few hours before, had been so anxious to overhaul the stranger, trembling where they stood; and I saw men, whose hearts were firm and true, grow pale about the lips, while their fingers worked as though this inactivity were torturing.

Do you ask me how I felt? I dare not attempt to tell. By my side stood the match-tub of our gun, the staff standing in it, and the lighted match sending its nitrous smoke up into my nostrils. That smoke may have had some influence on me; I cannot tell. You will remember that the ship over against us was heavier than our own, and that she had two valuable charges to protect. You will also remember that the officers and men of the *Bristol* had fixed their desires, not only upon the corvette, but upon those two rich prizes. If the crew of the Frenchman had the incentive of national pride to lead them to protect the merchantmen, the crew of the Englishman had not only that same incentive to lead them to capture them, but that other incentive—full as powerful with most men,—the distribution of prize-money.

So I knew it must be a hard fight; and I am free to confess that for a brief period my thoughts were with the loved ones at home. I thought of my mother: was she praying for me then?—of my sister—of Eunisale—of Eben—of Sam. Tucker; and I wondered should I ever see them again on earth. So my thoughts were still running when a startling exclamation from Mr. McGregor changed their current quickly and materially.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMBLEM.—Perhaps if "the club of politicians" to which you refer, and of which you are such an energetic member, would purchase a copy of the Constitution of the United States and *read it*, they would find out "what it was really adopted for." The Constitution is explicitly declaratory on that very point, beginning: "We, the people of the United States, *in order* to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." The mischief is, that, when people get by the ears in regard to the Constitution, they never think of looking at that instrument itself to see what *it* says, but take the trouble to consult almost everything else, even the opinions of pot-house politicians. Your wrangle about "the imposition of the Presidential oath" is too absurd for serious regard. Congress had nothing to do with the matter. The Constitution itself (see Art. II., Sec. 1) provides that the President "before he enter on the execution of his office, shall take the following oath or affirmation: 'I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.'" Such a political wrangler as you seem to be would be very apt to find a correct copy of the Constitution an exceedingly handy thing to have in his pocket, where it would be available for instant use whenever quotations should be called for.

FRED.—The first thing for you to do in order to become a good conversationist is to lay in a large stock of information, and the next thing is to frequent intelligent society and mingle in the conversation as much as possible. Fox, the great rival of Burke and Pitt, and who was considered the best debater of his time, used to say that he learned to speak in parliament by speaking every night for many years; and Macaulay says that all the great parliamentary debaters acquired their skill at the expense of their auditors—that is to say, that they *practiced* upon parliament whenever they got an opportunity. Had they been fools, or men devoid of talent, such a course would not have been tolerated; and so with the novice in conversation, if he cannot say something that will interest his hearers, his talk will not be listened to, and he will soon acquire the reputation of a bore, and be shunned accordingly.

H. V. J.—The "two parties" in your village should be able to furnish mathematical knowledge enough to solve such simple questions as those which you say they are contending about. The fact that one square mile and one mile square are equal in extent does not prove that two square miles and two miles square are also equal. A farm two miles square in extent would be two miles long and two miles wide, and would consequently contain an area of four square miles. You can readily make this apparent by marking on a slate a figure representing one square mile, and then seeing how many such spaces or figures it will take to make an area extending two miles in every direction, or two miles square.

CANADIAN.—The result of your love matters is just what anybody skilled in human nature might have expected. A girl who defies her parents' wishes, and refuses to break off an acquaintance which even her lover is willing to forego for the sake of peace, and declares over and over again that "nothing but death shall separate us," etc., is pretty certain to give her lover the go-by in the long run. A disobedient and disrespectful daughter must, in the nature of things, be defective in sound moral principle; and, therefore, cannot be implicitly depended upon. Your loss of such a girl is really a great gain.

BALTIMORE says: "The girl to whom I am betrothed, and who agreed to receive an engagement ring from me, now declines to accept that pledge, and says she wants to die, and treats me coldly. I suspect the *slanderer* has been at work and has poisoned her mind. I love her dearly and do not want any separation to occur between us. So please tell me how to weather the threatened storm?" If you go on quietly, the storm will soon cease of itself. Such matters usually work themselves clear, if they are not kept in a state of perturbation by the fussy anxiety and interference of the parties.

R. E. B.—You can always find opportunities to "go to sea," in New York, Boston, or any other great seaport city. As you have always worked upon a farm and know nothing about nautical affairs, you would of course have to ship as a "green hand," and therefore get low wages, and have a "rough time generally." But if you could imitate the conduct of BECKET BURTON, as Mr. Cobb sets it forth in his "SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE," now in course of publication on the eighth page of the *Ledger*, you would be certain to triumph over all difficulties, and work your way to a good position.

KANSAS.—It was weak and foolish for you to "take to drink" for the purpose of drowning your sorrow when the young lady with whom you were about to marry died so suddenly. Such a "giving way to grief," as it is called, is one of the most vulgar manifestations of weakness and selfishness known to man. Any one who has a spark of true manhood in him should be ashamed of such conduct. If the spirits of the departed can take cognizance of mortal affairs, what do you suppose she whom you pretend to have loved will think of such grovelling conduct on your part?

LILLY.—If your quilt is to be three yards square, it will of course contain just nine square yards; and if the calico with which you wish to cover it is seven-eighths of a yard wide, it will take ten yards and two-sevenths of a yard of it for your purpose; so, if you buy ten yards and a half, you will have a little calico left over. The clerk who said you would want fourteen yards of the calico either misunderstood your statement, or else he is a poor arithmetician, or wanted to put off as much calico on you as he could.

R. G.—Your notion of having the government of a state or nation controlled directly by the people, through the instrumentality of a constitutional "committee of correspondence," who are to put themselves in epistolary communication with the inhabitants, thereby learn their wishes on political topics, and then have "said wishes" embodied in the legislation of the state or nation, is about as impracticable an idea as we have ever heard of. It could not be made to work with any degree of advantage.

YOUTH.—Unless you are engaged to the young lady to whom you refer, you have no right to attempt to control her actions in any way. At the same time, there are certain claims which are founded on general principles of decency and good-neighborship that are binding on everybody, and one of those claims is, that when a gentleman takes a lady to a place of amusement she ought to consider *his* wishes and feelings before those of any other person.

Z. C.—It has been stated that the "Paris Exposition" will close in October; it has also been stated that it *may* be kept open all winter; and occasional rumors have been circulated that the Emperor "really intends to make it a permanent thing." Therefore it is impossible for any one to say with certainty when it will close except the Emperor himself, and even he might have to consult the Empress on the question.

HOMERIC.—A wooer who inserts Greek couplets in his love-letters deserves to be distanced by a blacksmith rival. The honest worker at the anvil and the forge doubtless wrote *his* notes in a language that the young lady could understand. Your Greek studies should have kept you in remembrance of the fact that the Olympian blacksmith, Vulcan, married Venus in spite of the rivalry of the fiery and gallant Mars.

QUEBEC.—Young men and women who are past twenty-one years of age have the legal right to control their own time and actions, including the matters of courtship and marriage; but it would do no harm, and might occasion happy results, if they should consult, and so manage affairs as to gratify, their parents, in forming their matrimonial connections.

NETTIE.—Read the history of the United States and the biographies of our great men; and then read the works of Prescott, Motley, Froude, Alison, Macaulay and other foreign writers. By the time you have been reading a year or so, you will begin to have pretty good notions of your own as to what you ought to read next.

INQUIRER.—Young men to whom a grammar, or even a spelling-book, is accessible, should not spend their time in disputing about the "nature and power of commas and semi-colons," but should turn to one or other of those useful books and see what it says on the subject.

HEALTH-SEEKER.—If you really are in search of health for yourself and children, as you intimate, we decide in favor of your husband and a farm-house; but if you are bent on a fashionable raid, under the pretence of health-seeking, and care more for the gratification of your vanity than for your children's welfare, then *your* programme is the one that should be carried out. Hundreds of city families who have heretofore spent their summers at the grand camping-grounds of fashion, have this year billeted themselves upon the farmers; and they have done wisely. There is no elbow-room for children in the fashionable hotels. The privileges that they ought to enjoy, and without which "country air" is comparatively of little benefit to them, they cannot have at those grandiose caravansaries. But on a farm they can have full swing; there is ample space for them to play, plenty of material for dirt-pies, and no "rules" prohibiting the manufacture of that kind of pastry. They can wear common dresses, and roll on the grass, and laugh till the sylvan echoes ring with their merriment without any fear of being called to account for breach of etiquette. Therefore, when the welfare of children is to be considered, the farm-house should always carry it against the fashionable hotel.

NELLIE.—If it is the *custom*, in your village, for persons who are serenaded to invite the serenaders in and give them wine and cake, it is natural that any one who breaks the custom should incur the ill-will of those who are affected by such infraction. Such a custom is a most undesirable one, as it is almost certain to degenerate into a nuisance and become a vulgar method whereby hungry young men can get opportunities to feed at other people's expense, and to drink good wine at the cost of a few songs sung in the open air at inauspicious hours. Such a custom, furthermore, deprives a serenade of all its real significance, and degrades it into a mere restaurant business. The object of a genuine serenade is to compliment a lady, or to exhibit a preference for or devotion to her, in a gallant and delicate and agreeable and *unselfish* manner, and not to force off a slovenly musical performance upon unwilling victims, at the performers' own prices, to be paid in cake and wine.

W. C.—If you have set your heart on "emigrating to Missouri to live," why don't you go. The way is open, and the chances are as good in that State as in any other. Missouri is heavily wooded, abundantly watered, abounds in fertile stretches of land, and is probably the richest in minerals of any country of equal extent on the globe. Although these minerals are "locked in the bosom of the earth," the lock is a mere earthen one, and can easily be picked with a spade. There are two courses for you to pursue, one of which is to sell out and go to Missouri at once with your family, taking your chance of finding a place to suit you; and the other is, to go there first alone, on a prospecting tour, and learn the lay of the land before breaking up your present home. It seems to us that the latter course would be the least indiscreet one to pursue.

MACHINE.—A girl has bought a sewing machine, and she and her sister work with it together and share the profits. A third party, who seems to wish to meddle in the matter, thinks that the sister who bought the machine might "make more by doing all the work herself, and keeping all the money, than by having her sister do the finishing off and sharing in the profits." Perhaps so; but, then, "the sister who owns the machine" probably has a loving, sisterly heart, and would rather act like a Christian than put ever so many extra shillings in her purse.

J. K. T.—You are behind the age if you imagine that it has been reserved for you and your particular set to "found the *first* Woman's Medical College." That achievement was long since accomplished. The "Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania" held its *fifteenth* annual commencement some time last spring, in Philadelphia, and sent forth quite a respectable class of graduates. There are evidently more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

CHICAGO.—Webster's orthography is the common standard in this country, though many scholars refuse to follow it. The word *whiskey* is spelt with either termination, *y* or *ey*. Webster authorizes both spellings. The word comes from, and is a corruption of, *usquebaugh*; and it is not at all unnatural for it to take a long time to settle the orthography of the derivative of such a terrible trisyllable.

NEW ORLEANS.—The gentleman who was your opponent in the discussion was substantially correct when he said that during their Congressional careers Henry Clay originated and introduced a great many measures and Daniel Webster but a few. Mr. Clay was very fond of getting up legislative panaceas for public ills; but Mr. Webster seldom took the lead in such experiments.

INSULTED.—No matter how great the insult which your rival put upon you, it would not justify you in resorting to the writing of anonymous letters for the purpose of annoying and injuring him. Whatever you do, do it openly and fairly. None but the cowardly, the mean, the guilty, or the thoughtless, ever resort to the anonymous letter business as a weapon of revenge.

AMERICUS.—A sign which should read, "William Smith's Son & Co.," would indicate that the only son of Wm. Smith was in partnership with other parties. If it were intended to express the fact that Wm. Smith *and his son* were in partnership with others, the sign should read, "Wm. Smith, Son & Co."

W. H. P., (Mobile,).—The military commander of the district in which you live is the proper person for you to apply to in regard to your right to vote under the reconstruction acts. It is useless for you to apply to anybody except those who have the control of such matters in Mobile.

R. A. C.—If you give the book to your friend before the marriage takes place, you should of course write her present name in it, if you write any at all. But if you intend to defer the presentation till after the marriage, her name, as it would be then, should be written in the book.

SON.—You might be able to get on track of an asylum for your mother, by inquiring of your family physician. If she is a confirmed inebriate of many years standing, nothing but confinement where she cannot obtain intoxicating drink will avail in her case.

MINNIE.—You should tell your mother how matters stand, and act according to her instructions. In fact, a girl should always tell her mother, day by day, what her life and experience are as to social matters, and especially as to those in which young men get mingled.

W. B. D.—The manufacture of printing ink is an art; and if you would master it you must go to work at it as you would at any other art. Practical knowledge and manual skill do not come by reading or talking, but by reflection and downright work.

MEJIA.—If you choose to go to Mexico to help "avenge the death of Maximilian," and get caught by the Mexicans, they will make short work of you; and the chances are that your friends will never know the exact particulars of your fate.

HAMLET.—We have no knowledge of the particular "gift concert" to which you refer. The chances are that "the delay in hearing from the managers," which has occasioned you so much anxiety, will be prolonged indefinitely.

ALICE.—In this State a girl does not "become of age" until she is twenty-one. As you do not say where you live, we cannot tell you how it is in your State; but you can ascertain by asking any lawyer in your vicinity.

BANKER.—You can buy the National Bank law of any of the law-booksellers in the city, and study it at your leisure.

B. L. S.—When a person is "subjected to frequent attacks of bilious headache" he should consult some good physician.

JULY.—No engagement made by a minor is binding, not even a marriage engagement.

A. S. C.—Drawing, if one is skilful at it, is quite a profitable vocation.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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